THE HISTORY OF Mr. Byron and Miſs Greville.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE HISTORY OF Mr. Byron and Miſs Greville.

BOOK I.

THE Moſtyns of ——— ſhire were never ſo agreeably engaged as when they celebrated the day on which their only ſon returned from his travels. This young gentleman had hitherto diſcovered nothing very particular in his diſpoſition, except an uncommon attachment to a ſiſter: neither was

there any thing very remarkable in his perſon; he was neither handſome nor ugly, but rather agreeable.—Miſs Moſtyn would have been a complete beauty, had ſhe not wanted height and ſize; but though ſhe was very little, there was the moſt exact proportion in her ſhape. Her features were beautifully regular; her complexion was fine; her eyes were dark, and ſo was her hair, which would have hung in natural ringlets down her fair face, had it not been confined within proper bounds by the faſhion.—She had never been far from her father's houſe, and was brought up under the care of a fond mother, who was afraid to let her ſtir from her ſide. She knew therefore hardly any thing of the world, nor was this mother very capable of improving her mind, having never received, though of a good family, an education to qualify her for ſuch

a taſk. If ſhe ſaw her daughter ſafe and well, ſhe was ſatisfied, and ſpent the greateſt part of her time in admiring her perſon; leaving her mind uncultivated, and taking no pains to inſpire her heart with thoſe virtues, without which no woman can be truly amiable, though ever ſo alluring.

Miſs Moſtyn was as artleſs, as gentle, and as tender in her manners, as ſhe was lovely in her perſon. Her brother, who had been abroad not much longer than a year, and who had, from her birth, been brought up with a very great affection for her, returned home earlier than he had deſigned, on account of the loſs which ſhe had ſuſtained by the death of their dear mother.

Emily Moſtyn lamented her mother in terms which diſcovered the ſincerity of the affectionate regard ſhe ever had paid to her when living; and the loſs of

her would have been probably felt by her more ſeverely, had ſhe not been greatly relieved by the company of a young lady, who, not long before, experienced a loſs of the ſame kind.

Miſs Greville was the daughter of a gentleman, who, though of a very good family, had no other ſubſiſtence than a place under the government, and who knowing, from the nature of his employment, that he ſhould be able to lay up but a very ſmall fortune for his family, had taken care to give his daughter Clara a liberal education, that ſhe might, by the aſſiſtance of it, ſupport herſelf in whatever ſituation ſhe might be thrown. She was perfect miſtreſs both of the French and Italian, and excelled both in drawing and muſic. "Theſe little ac-
"compliſhments, my dear child," her father often ſaid, "will not only render
"you an amiable companion to others,

" but will alſo make a retired life, if " that ſhould be your lot, leſs irkſome " and diſagreeable to yourſelf.—We can " never have too many amuſements " within ourſelves, if they are innocent " and inſtructive."

As Miſs Greville was born with a taſte for letters and for the polite arts, and brought up with all the advantages of a liberal education, ſhe made a rapid progreſs in them.—She was about nineteen, inclining to be tall, and was exquiſitely genteel both in her perſon and her addreſs.—Her complexion was animated; it was indeed the only ſtriking beauty in her face, except a ſtrong expreſſion of ſenſibility, which threw a thouſand graces over it. Her eyes were blue and full of ſoftneſs, and her hair was of a light gloſſy-brown.—The death of her mother, who was an amiable woman, and had always been very fond of her, had affected her

ſo much, that her father, who could not be much at home, ſent her down, to give a new turn to her thoughts, and to receive the benefit of the country air, after a recovery from a fever, to the houſe of a clergyman who had married his wife's ſiſter, and who was rector of the pariſh in which Mr. Moſtyn's eſtate lay.—By this means ſhe became acquainted with that gentleman's daughter, and the ſimilarity of their ſituations had occaſioned a friendſhip for each other, eſpecially on the ſide of Emily, who was very loth to part with her young companion.

Clara had frequently ſpent whole days at Mr. Moſtyn's; ſhe had alſo frequently paſſed the night with his daughter, at her earneſt requeſt, when any ſlight indiſpoſition confined her to her apartment.

As the father of Emily bore an exceeding good character, and ſeemed to deſire nothing more than to make his daughter

amends for the loſs of a kind mother, by procuring company ſuitable to her, and as he had ever been a very friendly neighbour to Mr. Sherwood, the uncle of Clara, neither he nor her aunt made any objection to her ſpending great part of her time at Bellgrove.

When young Moſtyn was expected home, Miſs Greville was the firſt perſon deſired to be preſent at his arrival; and accordingly, at the eager deſire of Emily, ſhe preceded her uncle and aunt in her early viſit on that day.

The young gentleman was received by his father and ſiſter with all poſſible ſatisfaction, and Miſs Greville was preſented to him by the gentle Emily with all the marks of the tendereſt regard, as her moſt affectionate friend.—Moſtyn received her at firſt in that light, out of reſpect to his ſiſter, of whom he had ever been very fond, but ſoon began to be

very particular to her on her own account.—Her amiable carriage, ſenſible converſation, and pleaſing accompliſhments, made, in a ſhort time, too ſtrong an impreſſion on his heart, to be eaſily effaced.—But as this was not the work of a moment, the firſt part of his time was taken up in converſing about a young gentleman, with whom he had contracted a friendſhip at Rome, and whom he had left at Montpellier with a relation, who came there for the benefit of the ſalutary air in that faſhionable climate, after a long and dangerous illneſs.—"I expect "him ſoon," ſaid he to his ſiſter, "in "England, and he has promiſed to come "down to Bellwood, after he had ſpent "ſome time with his uncle Sir Edward "Byron, to whoſe title he is next heir. "You will then, Emily, behold a man, "who is not only the moſt pleaſing in his "perſon, but the moſt engaging in his

"man-

" manners you ever ſaw; and I ſincere-
" ly wiſh that he may make the ſame
" impreſſion on you, as I am pretty ſure
" you will make on him, from the de-
" ſcription which I have given of you
" to him."

Emily bluſhed, and in anſwer to her brother, deſired him to tell her what ſort of perſon Mr. Byron was: " There may " be many very pleaſing figures," ſaid ſhe, " and yet very different from each " other."

" He is," replied her brother, " per-
" fectly well-made; he has a lively com-
" plexion, fine dark eyes and hair—He
" has a moſt agreeable mouth, which,
" whenever he ſpeaks or ſmiles, ſhews a
" regular ſett of very white teeth to the
" greateſt advantage. But Byron's
" charms are not confined to his perſon—
" He has a noble ſpirit; he is open, can-
" did, generous, and tender; altogether

"polite and affable in his deportment: "he has alſo the moſt humane, benevo- "lent heart, and is a great lover of po- "lite literature, in which he ſpends a "great part of his time, and by which he "conſiderably improves his already-ac- "quired intellectual accompliſhments. "—Beſides theſe accompliſhments, he "has an elegant taſte in muſic, and is a "very good performer himſelf."

Miſs Greville, who ſat by, ſaid with a ſmile, when Moſtyn had finiſhed his encomiums on his friend, with which ſhe ſaw his ſiſter not a little moved, "And "is there not the leaſt ſhade in this ac- "compliſhed character, Sir?"

"Not the leaſt, madam," ſaid he, "except you call a want of fortune one. "Mr. Byron's father left him ſo ſcanty a "ſubſiſtence, that if his uncle had not "been kind to him, he would, in all "probability, have been reduced to

" great difficulties. When he was quite " a child, this uncle brought him up, " and educated him as his own ſon; and " if he pleaſes him in marriage, it is " thought that he will leave him all his " fortune, which is very conſiderable.— " As the title deſcends to him imme- " diately at his death, ſo indeed will his " eſtate, unleſs he chuſes to leave it " away from him, which he has the " power of doing."

" But ſuppoſe," ſaid Clara, " this Sir " Edward ſhould marry? I am afraid " your friend would be then in a diſ- " agreeable ſituation."

" He certainly would be ſo," replied Moſtyn; " but as Sir Edward is now " advanced in years, is very fond of his " nephew, and has never ſhewn any " propenſity to a married life, there is " not much room to imagine that he will " now enter into it."

When Miſs Moſtyn and Miſs Greville were by themſelves, the former, who had been ſtrangely prepoſſeſſed by her brother in favour of his friend, talked ſo warmly and ſo frequently about him to the latter, that Clara began to think Moſtyn had been very indiſcreet in trying to influence ſuch a young thing (for Emily was ſcarce ſeventeen) in favour of a man, who might perhaps not merit all that he had, from the partiality of friendſhip, ſaid of him, and who might not behold her pretty little perſon with the ſame eyes which her fond brother did.—She therefore thought it her firſt duty, as a friend, to reaſon her, by degrees, out of an inclination which ſhe had apparently conceived for a man whom ſhe had never ſeen, and who might not anſwer, in any ſhape, her expectations.

"Stay, my dear Emily," ſaid ſhe, "till you can be yourſelf a judge of his

"merit;

" merit; till you ſee what effect the
" ſight of you may have upon him; and,
" particularly, till your father, who has
" undoubtedly a right to diſpoſe of you,
" ſhews a proper approbation of your
" regard for him."

While Clara was thus fortifying the heart of Emily againſt this expected ſtranger, young Moſtyn became every day more and more pleaſed with her converſation, who, not being at all ſtruck with any thing uncommonly agreeable in him, behaved to him with the eaſe and freedom of a ſiſter. By her artleſs carriage ſhe diſcovered ſo many amiable qualities, that he grew ſtrongly attached to her, before he was aware. He ſoon, however, felt the power of her charms, and ſtrove to make her ſenſible of his feelings by every method he could think of; but ſhe either did not for ſome time, or at leaſt, would not ſeem to ſee the drift

of

of his converſation, or the meaning of his looks.

Moſtyn, at laſt, finding that all his endeavours to open her eyes proved fruitleſs, took an opportunity when ſhe was abſent, to make his ſiſter acquainted with his love for her friend, and intreated her, by all the affection which ſhe had ever expreſſed for him, to tell Miſs Greville what he felt upon her account; and to beg her to pity his paſſion, and to return it.

"Thy gentle voice and tender man-
"ner, my Emily, ſaid he, together
"with the friendſhip which this charm-
"ing girl profeſſes for thee, may per-
"haps fill her with favourable emo-
"tions."

Emily, delighted to find her brother ſtill fonder of Clara than ſhe herſelf was, and thinking, by this means, that ſhe ſhould always have her near her when ſhe

was

was become her ſiſter, promiſed to execute the commiſſion he truſted her with in the beſt manner ſhe was able, and ſeized the firſt occaſion that offered to ſpeak to her beloved Greville upon this ſubject.

Clara received her friend's information rather with ſome ſurprize, but not with any kind of pleaſure. She had indeed been ſometimes inclined to believe, from Moſtyn's particular civilities to her, that he liked her; but as there was no other woman in his way, he could hardly, ſhe thought, well refrain from them; and as ſhe felt not the leaſt inclination for him, had not troubled herſelf about them. This abrupt declaration, therefore, from Miſs Moſtyn, which ſhe endeavoured to inforce with a thouſand little flattering careſſes, and by telling her how happy ſhe ſhould be in having her always near her, in being related to

her,

her, and in being her ſweet, kind ſiſter, obliged her to tell her young friend, with a more ſerious air than ſhe at firſt deemed it neceſſary to aſſume, that ſhe had never entertained any other ſentiments for Mr. Moſtyn than what common politeneſs excited; and that ſhe was very certain that his father would never approve of his encouraging any of a warmer nature for her, as her fortune, if ſhe ever had any, would be too ſmall to be mentioned to him. She deſired her, therefore, to tell her brother, that as ſhe was determined never to promote a propenſity in him to her, ſhe hoped he would give up all thoughts of that kind: "He will otherwiſe, my "dear," continued ſhe, "oblige me to "break off an acquaintance with a fa-"mily from which I have received a "great number of civilities, and from "which, on account of my dear Emily,

"I

"I ſhould be extremely grieved to ſepa-
"rate myſelf."

Emily, who was all tenderneſs, wept at the bare apprehenſion of parting from her beloved Clara, juſt when ſhe had been indulging the moſt pleaſing hopes of a ſtill nearer and dearer connexion with her, and promiſed to inform her brother of what ſhe ſaid; but added, "I am ſure "my father loves us both too well, to "refuſe his conſent to make us happy, "in giving us ſo dear, ſo amiable a rela-
"tion."

When young Moſtyn was acquainted by his ſiſter with the ill ſucceſs of the commiſſion which ſhe had undertaken, he became very uneaſy. But as Clara's laſt reaſon for declining his addreſſes appeared to be the ſtrongeſt, he immediately went in ſearch of his father; opened his whole heart to him with the greateſt freedom; told him at once, that the

amiable

amiable qualities of Miſs Greville had made ſtill a deeper impreſſion on him than her perſonal charms; and declared, that if he, blind to ſo much merit, or unwilling to own her for a daughter, without a ſuitable fortune, ſhould lay a conſtraint upon his inclinations in an affair where his future happineſs ſo much depended, he was determined to leave England and ſettle abroad.

As he delivered himſelf in a ſpirited and reſolute manner, Mr. Moſtyn, who had no other ſon, who loved him fondly, and who had never known him guilty of any thing that had given him the leaſt diſpleaſure, did not abſolutely deny his requeſt; but replied, with ſome coolneſs, that he was rather in a hurry. "Miſs Greville is, to be ſure, ſaid the "old gentleman, a very agreeable girl, "but I know nothing of her fortune. "Beſides, I don't find, that you yet know

"your-

"yourſelf whether ſhe likes you. She "has no diſlike, I ſuppoſe, to my eſtate."

"If Miſs Greville, Sir," ſaid young Moſtyn, "had any intereſted views, ſhe "would not have behaved to me with "ſo much indifference.—But be her "motives what they will, I ſhall always "admire and love her. The only rea- "ſon why ſhe ſeems to reject me, is, "I firmly believe, becauſe ſhe imagines "that you will not conſent to her be- "ing your daughter.—If you, Sir, there- "fore will treat her with more con- "ſideration, ſhe may, I hope, be pre- "vailed on to liſten to my addreſſes."

As he appeared to be quite anxious and wretched about the ſucceſs of his love for Miſs Greville, his father, who ſaw that he really made it a ſerious affair, and that he became reſtleſs and uneaſy; and having been alſo informed by Emily how entirely he had ſet his heart upon her,

her, began to take more notice of her than he had yet done. In ſo doing, he diſcovered that ſhe was not at all unworthy of being allied to him.

Young Moſtyn, who had not yet ventured to ſpeak to his beloved Clara upon the ſubject which engroſſed his attention, and who had hitherto employed his ſiſter for that purpoſe, when he found that his father did not oppoſe his union with her, ſeized an opportunity, and in the tendereſt terms he could make uſe of, implored her pity, and begged her to conſent to his endeavouring to gain her affection, aſſuring her that his father approved of his addreſſes to her.

She replied with great ſweetneſs and civility, that ſhe was much obliged to him and to his father for their very favourable opinion of her, but told him, that as ſhe found herſelf not in the leaſt poſſeſſed of the ſentiments which

he

he wiſhed her to entertain, ſhe ſhould be very glad to ſee him offer thoſe addreſſes to another, of which ſhe aſſured him, ſhe could not herſelf accept.

This refuſal, tho' delivered in a very polite manner, was nevertheleſs delivered in a tone which ſhewed that ſhe was ſerious and determined; and it had ſuch an effect on poor Moſtyn, that he was not at firſt capable of returning an anſwer to it:—and when he did make a reply, it was in ſo confuſed a manner, that ſhe comprehended not the meaning of half what he ſaid.—His ſiſter, however, explained every thing to her when they met afterwards, and upon Clara's again mentioning her deſign to leave the country, fell into an agony of crying, and told her, that ſhe would certainly, by taking ſuch a ſtep, be the death of both her and her brother, who only intreated that ſhe would

would give him time to make an impreſſion on her heart.

Clara, overcome by the tears and intreaties of the gentle Emily, conſented, much againſt her judgment, to continue with her uncle, but intended not to go quite ſo often to Mr. Moſtyn's.

As ſhe kept up a conſtant correſpondence with her father, ſhe had from time to time informed him of every thing that paſſed, and begged continually to be favoured with his advice, how to regulate her conduct, with regard to Mr. Moſtyn's offers. He always replied, that ſhe ſhould, in his opinion, act a very infamous part in marrying him, if he was not the object of her choice: and that though he had very little fortune to beſtow upon her, he would rather ſee her follow any virtuous employment ſuitable to her ſex, than marry a man merely for a ſubſiſtence whom ſhe could not love, or

even

even to be kept in affluence and ſplendor. "It is, ſaid he," in one of his letters, "the moſt ſhameful and ſcandalous beha-"viour to a man, and is at once mean "and deceitful. Such behaviour indeed "is too frequently practiſed now-a-days, "and children are too often encourag-"ed in it by their miſ-judging, miſ-"taken parents. As to your ſtaying at "the Wood, if the family is very deſirous "of your company, I ſee no impro-"priety in it: 'tis poſſible, that you "may, by being accuſtomed to the pre-"ſence of your lover, like him better; "and if ſo, an alliance with the Moſtyns "will be very deſirable. But in this, "and other affairs of this kind, I leave "you to act as you think beſt, for I "know I can rely on your diſcretion."

Soon after the receipt of this letter, Clara perſuaded her young friend to make an acquaintance with two or three families

families lately come to live near them, in which there were ſome agreeable young women of fortune; ſhe was the more eager to have Emily acquainted with them, becauſe ſhe hoped that the attention of Moſtyn might be thereby diverted to another quarter.

Emily, ignorant of her friend's concealed motive, but ever willing to oblige her, conſented, with a proviſo that her Clara would accompany her.

While theſe two ladies were thus employed one afternoon, Byron arrived at Bellwood, and was received by Moſtyn with all imaginable cordiality and eſteem. After having preſented him to his father, and chatted a little about common occurrences, he took him into the garden, opened his whole ſoul to him with regard to Miſs Greville, and concluded with ſaying, that of all the women he had

had ever met with, ſhe was the moſt lovely, and the moſt cruel.

Byron, ſmiling at theſe lover-like expreſſions, replied, "I thought, my "friend, from the deſcription which you "had given me of your ſiſter, that few "women equalled her in beauty; but I "ſee that a beloved miſtreſs has a thou-"ſand more charms than the deareſt re-"lation."

Moſtyn declared, that he believed Emily was, upon the moſt accurate inſpection, the moſt regular beauty. "But "then," cried he, "there is ſomething "in the countenance of Clara, infinitely "ſuperior to any thing I have ever ſeen "in any woman. But were ſhe leſs "pleaſing in her perſon, the ſtriking "qualities of her amiable mind, and the "numberleſs accompliſhments ſhe is "miſtreſs of, are beyond expreſſion at-"tractive. But you ſhall ſee her, you

"ſhall hear her, Byron. All I have to
"demand of you, by the ties of friend-
"ſhip, and I hope you will not refuſe
"my requeſt, is to plead for me to this
"delightful girl. Emily and I have tried
"in vain to move her. You are, I am
"ſenſible, maſter of an eloquence which
"is irreſiſtible. For once, O Byron,
"exert it in the ſervice of your friend."

Byron would have been willingly excuſed from undertaking this aukward buſineſs, but finding that Moſtyn was inflexible to all he ſaid againſt it, deſired that he might be acquainted with the lady, in order to diſcover her taſte; and from that diſcovery to make the better judgment of her inclinations.

Moſtyn thought his friend very reaſonable in his deſire, but was quite wild with impatience, till his ſiſter and Clara returned from their viſit.

At length they came. Emily, tho' already ſo much prepoſſeſſed in favour of her brother's friend, was extremely ſtruck with his firſt appearance, which ſurpaſſed all the ideas ſhe had formed of him.

Clara beheld him with more ſcrutinizing eyes, in order to ſee if Mr. Moſtyn had not greatly overcharged the picture which he had drawn of him.

As to Byron himſelf, he immediately found Miſs Moſtyn to be a very pretty little innocent girl, and Miſs Greville a lovely woman, whoſe lovelineſs increaſed every moment, while ſhe diſplayed the graces of her manners, and the charms of her converſation.

Moſtyn, who watched his friend with equal vigilance, to ſee what effect the ſight of theſe two fine young girls had upon him, found his eyes, while they wandered full of admiration from Emily to Clara, were oftener fixed on the latter

than the former. This obſervation, however, rather gave him pleaſure than concern, as he thought that he was, agreeably to his promiſe, endeavouring to develop her ſentiments with reſpect to him.

When the ladies retired to their apartments, (Emily had inſiſted upon her friend's ſleeping with her that night) young Moſtyn, enraptured with the beauties of Clara, haſtily demanded the opinion of his friend. Byron ſeemed inclined to wave an anſwer upon ſo intereſting a ſubject; but being cloſely preſſed, he ſaid, that ſhe was a very amiable woman.—Here he ſtopped, and did not chuſe to reſume the ſubject.—Moſtyn then aſked him how he liked his ſiſter.—As his heart was entirely free from any emotion in favour of Emily, he replied with great frankneſs, that ſhe had

had a very fine face, and ſeemed to be of a ſweet and gentle diſpoſition.

"Then I am happy," cried Moſtyn, "to find that the man whom I moſt "eſteem in the world, and of whoſe "taſte and judgment I have the higheſt "opinion, approves of my lovely Clara, "and admires my little innocent Emily, "who is, I can plainly perceive, as much "charmed with my dear Byron as he is "with her."

Byron, who neither expected nor deſired to hear the latter part of this ſpeech, was ſilent at the concluſion of it: and though his friend ran on for a conſiderable time rapturouſly in praiſe of Clara, ſcarce attended to him.

When Miſs Greville and Miſs Moſtyn were by themſelves, the latter ſaid, "Now, my dear Clara, will you not own, "that my brother has not deceived us,

"and that Byron is really more amiable "than we expected?"

Clara was ſomewhat diſconcerted by theſe queſtions, but recovering immediately, replied, "He has, doubtleſs, an "agreeable appearance, my dear, but "we have yet ſeen little of him. To "form judgments of people too haſtily, "is not, I think, to do them juſtice."

Emily bluſhed, and hung down her head, as if ſhe was aſhamed of having confeſſed what, in reality, ſhe knew not how to conceal: and Clara, glad of an opportunity to put a ſtop to that converſation, took no notice of it, but began to talk of indifferent things.

With all her perſuaſions and intreaties, Emily could not prevail on her friend to ſpend the next day with her. "I muſt "return," ſaid ſhe, "to my uncle after "breakfaſt." But ſhe could not hinder the two gentlemen, accompanied by

Emily,

Emily, from going home with her to the parſonage-houſe.

During this little walk, and alſo during breakfaſt, Byron and Clara very undeſignedly diſcovered new graces to each other: and though the former behaved with all proper politeneſs to Miſs Moſtyn, as the ſiſter of his friend, he could not, with all his care, hinder himſelf from treating Clara in a particular manner, by which, though nothing was actually diſcovered by it, a perſon of ſtrong penetration might have eaſily ſeen that his heart was attached to her, in every turn of his eyes when they were directed to her. But as Moſtyn was entirely taken up with attending to Miſs Greville alone, as Emily, after what Clara had ſaid to her, was afraid to look at Byron; and as the elder Mr. Moſtyn was buried in reading the news-paper, he was left more at liberty than he could have expected:—

his eyes were very often inſenſibly levelled at Clara, who, when by chance ſhe met his glances, threw hers down with a timid confuſion, till now altogether unknown to her: nor was he himſelf at all ſatisfied with his own looks, for fear they might neither be approved of by his friend, nor Miſs Greville; but the dread of offending the latter gave him infinitely the greateſt diſturbance. Whenever ſhe caught his eyes ſtraying towards her, as they often did, he turned them from her immediately with the moſt reſpectful diffidence. Moſtyn made uſe of all his rhetoric to perſuade Miſs Greville, before ſhe went, to ſhew her ſkill on her harpſichord, and to accompany it with her fine voice, but he could not prevail on her either to play or to ſing.

When Emily left her friend at her uncle's, ſhe took leave of her, though but for a very ſhort time, in ſo affecting a man-

manner, and ſaid ſo many things in praiſe of her while ſhe returned home, that Byron, who was at that inſtant near her, and who had offered his hand to aſſiſt her in croſſing a little bridge, was touched with her encomiums, and almoſt involuntarily preſſed her's, without knowing what he was about.

This mark of gallantry from a man with whom ſhe was already but too much inclined to be pleaſed, filled Emily with ſenſations which ſhe had never felt before, but which were beyond expreſſion pleaſurable.

While ſhe was thus delighted, thus charmed with Byron, poor Clara began to be only too ſenſible of his power of pleaſing; the diſcovery of which would not have affected her ſo much, had not ſhe as plainly perceived that he regarded her with ſingular attention. She therefore, very diſcreetly, thought that there

was no other remedy left but flight; and that a ſpeedy return to town was the only ſtep which remained for her to take. In conſequence of this way of thinking, ſhe immediately made ſome preparations for her retreat from Bellwood.

Towards the evening of the next day, Clara received a note from Emily, wherein ſhe preſſed her to come to the Wood with all poſſible expedition, adding, that ſhe ſhould have ſent to her before, had ſhe not expected her every moment.

Clara obeyed her ſummons directly, thinking it quite proper to acquaint her friend with her reſolution to go to London.

When ſhe came to Bellwood, ſhe found Emily alone, who flew to her, and told her, that ſhe had never longed for her ſo much before: that ſhe was going to be the happieſt creature in the world, her brother having aſſured her how much

Byron was pleaſed with her; and that ſhe was ſure her brother was right, becauſe ſhe had found by his behaviour that he liked her.

Clara made little or no reply. She felt herſelf too much oppreſſed to ſpeak, though ſhe could not well account for her being ſo. Emily abſolutely ſtunned her with talking of Byron, who with young Moſtyn, in a ſhort time, entered the room.—They both appeared very happy to find her there. Moſtyn declared his pleaſure in plain terms; Byron only looked his thoughts.

Clara wiſhed they had ſtayed away a little longer, till ſhe had informed Emily of her deſign to leave her, but was now afraid that ſhe ſhould be obliged to defer the diſcovery of her intentions till night.

Moſtyn, who was quite reſtleſs till his friend was become thoroughly acquaint-

ed with all the perfections of his admired Clara, intreated her to give him the ſatisfaction of hearing her ſing and play. She, at firſt excuſed herſelf:—ſhe was not indeed in good ſpirits—but upon his and Emily's repeated importunities, ſhe ſat down to the harpſichord. She ſat down, but never was ſhe more embarraſſed in her life, ſo fearful was ſhe of not acquitting herſelf at it properly. She began a leſſon, but after having played a few bars, from a ſudden tremor in her fingers ſhe miſtook a note, and her tremor increaſed. She bluſhed; ſhe attempted to make ſome apology, but recollecting that apologies are generally the aukwardeſt things in the world, endeavoured to get the better of her fears, and to proceed with more courage.—She did ſo, and ſucceeded.

Moſtyn, who minutely obſerved the countenance of his friend, and who ſaw

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in it the ſtrongeſt marks of admiration, was warmer than ever in praiſe of her performances.—Byron was ſilent till ſhe had finiſhed a ſong, in which there was a great deal of execution, and which ſhe went through in a very pathetic manner. He then, with a reſpectful bow, ſaid, that he ſhould never regret his departure from Italy, though it was juſtly eſteemed the region of harmony, while he was happy enough to hear ſo heavenly a voice exerting its powers in ſo elegant a taſte.

Emily ſeemed to be pleaſed with the compliment which he paid to her friend. Moſtyn was in tranſports of joy.

Clara then made a little apology for being diſconcerted at firſt ſetting out, by ſaying, that ſhe was always afraid of expoſing herſelf before people of judgment.

Byron replied, that he thought the amiable diffidence in Miſs Greville, tho'

quite

quite unneceſſary, added greatly to her muſical merit. As he could not decently avoid complimenting Miſs Moſtyn by aſking her alſo to ſing, her brother, ſeeing her perplexed, ſaid, that ſhe had never been properly taught muſic; and therefore could not tell what to do with her voice.

Though this excuſe was a lucky one for Emily, ſhe wiſhed, but never till now wiſhed to be able to equal, if not to excel her Clara: not that ſhe imagined that ſhe ſhould loſe Byron as a lover, but as ſhe loved him extremely, ſhe was deſirous of making herſelf more and more agreeable to him.

As for Byron, he endeavoured to keep as ſtrict a guard over his words and actions as he could, that neither of the ladies might think he was in love, though he had never found himſelf under ſuch difficulties to conceal his increaſing admiration

miration for Miſs Greville, as on that evening. She ſaw that he was pleaſed to a very great degree with her muſical talents: the diſcovery raiſed her ſpirits to an unuſual height, and ſhe entered into converſation more freely with him than ſhe had yet done. This removal of her reſerve entirely finiſhed the conqueſt of his heart, but too much charmed already by the attractions of her perſon, and the melting melody of her voice, which, while ſhe only pronounced the moſt trifling things, was too winning to be reſiſted.

When Clara and Emily retired, the former ſeemed to have forgot her deſign to quit Bellwood, ſo much had ſhe been entertained with her evening: but recollection forced a ſigh from her, in ſpite of all her efforts to ſtifle that never-deceiving ſymptom of ſenſibility. She then, fearing even to truſt herſelf, immediately told

told her friend how abſolutely requiſite it was for her to go to London, as her father had been left too long without any companion.

Emily received this news with the greateſt uneaſineſs, nay more, with a kind of ſorrow that almoſt deprived her of ſpeech.—She felt her own want of education; ſhe was equally ſenſible how ignorant ſhe was of a thouſand things with which ſhe knew her dear Miſs Greville was well acquainted. The bare idea, therefore, of leaving her at a time when ſhe imagined that ſhe ſhould want her advice and inſtruction more than ever, made her cry like a child. She urged all the reaſons ſhe could think of to perſuade her to ſtay; aſſured her, that ſhe would do every thing in her power to return ſo great an act of friendſhip, and concluded with ſaying, "Only be with "me, my beloved Clara, till I am mar-

"ried

" ried to Byron; and then, if you muſt " go, if you will leave me, I cannot help " it: but I ſhall always wiſh to have you " near me."

The latter part of this ſpeech ſomewhat ſurprized Clara, though ſhe ſtrove as much as poſſible not to appear ſo: ſhe could not, however, help ſaying in return, " Why, is your marriage, then, " my dear, with him ſo near?"

" I cannot tell exactly when, my dear " Clara," replied the innocent Emily, " but I know when you are gone from " me, he will love me no longer."

Clara, at firſt miſtook her meaning, bluſhed a little, but turned away her head, that Emily might not perceive the alteration in her countenance.—" Why, " my dear," ſaid ſhe, " how can I either " prevent or promote his loving you?"

" Becauſe," replied ſhe, colouring, and throwing her arms round her neck, " I

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"am very ſenſible of my own incapacity "of pleaſing a man of ſo fine a taſte, "without the advice of my amiable "Miſs Greville, whom every body al- "lows to be ſo nice a judge of beha- "viour, and of whom I have learnt all "the ſmall knowledge I am poſſeſſed "of."

Clara, though not in a humour to return her careſſes, did ſo inſenſibly, but could not be prevailed on to promiſe to remain in the country.

Emily was ſo much affected by Clara's reſolution with regard to her journey to London, that ſhe ſpent the greateſt part of the night in tears. While Clara was dreſſing in the morning, ſhe haſtened down to her father and brother, to beg them to join with her in earneſtly intreating her Clara to change her mind. She even went ſo far as to ſolicit the aſſiſtance of Byron himſelf.—"Perhaps,

"Sir,"

"Sir," ſaid ſhe, "you may be able to "make my very agreeable friend give "me her company ſome time longer."

Byron, who had heard with an unuſual concern, of the intended departure of Clara, was touched by the plaintive tone of Emily's voice, and her ſupplicating attitude, eſpecially as both her lips and hands were employed in trying to retain an object near him, who became to him, every hour, more and more intereſting.—He could not reſiſt the importunities of the beautiful Emily: he could not hinder himſelf from taking her hands in his, and from telling her, that he would ſay and do every thing to oblige her.—"But I am afraid, Miſs Moſtyn," ſaid he, "that my acquaintance with "your charming friend is of too ſhort a "date, to permit me to flatter myſelf "with having any influence over her."

"Ah!

"Ah! do but try, Mr. Byron," cried Emily, "do but try—You will be a "great deal happier if ſhe ſtays: you do "not yet know how ſweet a 'girl ſhe "is."

Byron was unable to ſuppreſs a ſigh, and a tender ſmile, at the innocent yet moving expreſſions of Emily about her friend; and Emily was ſo pleaſed and ſo charmed with his ſoft behaviour to her, and his compliance with her firſt requeſt, that her chearfulneſs, which had been deſtroyed by the apprehenſions of Miſs Greville's departure, returned.

When Clara came down that morning to breakfaſt, Byron received her in the parlour, with a dying langour in his eyes, and a ſoftneſs in his manner, which ſhe had not obſerved before.—She was forced to collect all her ſpirits to her aid, to enable her to ſupport ſuch a pathetic appearance with indifference.—Moſtyn

and

and his ſiſter ſoon began to make uſe of every art, every method they could think of, to prevail on her not to leave the Wood.—The old gentleman, too, who ſeldom troubled himſelf about theſe trifling matters, and generally left his young folks to pleaſe themſelves, joined with them now to deſire Clara to continue at his houſe.—"If your accommo-
"dations here, Miſs Greville," ſaid he,
"are in any ſhape diſagreeable to you,
"they ſhall be rendered otherwiſe."

"Far from being diſpleaſed, Sir," ſhe replied with great politeneſs, "I have
"found every part of you and yours to
"me ſo very kind, that I ſhall not, with-
"out much uneaſineſs, quit ſo agreeable
"and ſo hoſpitable a family. But my
"father has been ſo good as to ſpare me
"from him a great while; he now wants
"my company, and I cannot any longer
"excuſe myſelf from paying that duty to
"him,

" him, to which he is, for his moſt in-
" dulgent kindneſs to me, ſo juſtly en-
" titled."

" It will then, madam," ſaid Byron, advancing towards her with a tender, but reſpectful air, " be very preſumptuous in
" me, to add any thing to what your
" friends have already ſaid to induce you
" to give us the pleaſure of your com-
" pany: eſpecially as I intereſt myſelf,
" at this very moment, in the feelings of
" that father, who, bleſſed with ſo amia-
" ble a daughter, perhaps, at this mo-
" ment, languiſhes for her entertaining
" converſation."

The manner in which he pronounced theſe words, and the look which accompanied them, ſerved only to make him appear more and more engaging in Clara's eyes. She knew not what anſwer to frame.—She was extremely embarraſſed: and though naturally gifted with

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an uncommon preſence of mind, totally diſconcerted.—She bluſhed: ſhe caſt her eyes on the floor; ſhe was ſilent.—As this ſilence convinced Emily, as much as a verbal declaration would have done, that ſhe was perſuaded to ſtay, ſhe went and hung round her neck; and, with a mere girliſh fondneſs, thanked her for agreeing to what ſhe had not yet conſented.

When Clara found that her friends were too deſirous of her company to be ſatisfied with her abſence, and ſaw, every moment, more and more the neceſſity for her departure, ſhe thought it beſt to go to town without reſuming the ſubject, and to apologize for her abruptneſs, in a letter to Miſs Moſtyn, which ſhe intended to leave behind her. But when ſhe returned home to her uncle's, all her meaſures were broken, for her aunt was in a high fever: and as ſhe had no daughter, nor

nor indeed any perſon in the houſe but her huſband and ſervants, it would have been, ſhe thought, very unkind to leave her in ſuch circumſtances.—She diſpatched therefore a note to Miſs Moſtyn with the news, which, ſhe imagined, would ſufficiently account for her withdrawing from the Wood.—It did ſo, but it did not prevent Emily or her brother from going to ſee her, though ſhe did every thing in her power to make them ſenſible, eſpecially the latter, that all her care and attendance about her aunt, was abſolutely neceſſary.

While Clara paſſed her time in a ſick chamber, Byron, charmed with her to a degree beyond expreſſion, felt thoroughly uneaſy at being deprived of ſeeing her, of watching the motions of her lovely eyes, and of liſtening to the muſic of her tuneful voice: which was indeed all that he dared to enjoy, as he knew that his

friend was as much enamoured with her as himſelf, or at leaſt, would be thought to have been ſo, long before he ever ſaw her.—This conſideration, therefore, prevented him from paying her a thouſand attentions, a multitude of aſſiduities, which might have excited her notice, and might have, perhaps, rendered her, in time, ſenſible of his paſſion for her. Though he had never been in love before, he had often been beloved; and though no man was leſs conceited, leſs conſcious of his own attractions, he had met with many women whoſe looks were not to be miſtaken; and others, whoſe tongues, and even pens, had been moſt fluently employed to inform him of his conqueſts. Yet, though he had hitherto been but little inclined to interpret looks alone in his favour, he wiſhed to diſcover ſomething in thoſe of Clara, which might give him hopes of, at leaſt, not being diſ-

agreeable to her. But he ſaw nothing ſo flattering there. A dignity of manner, tempered with a gentle modeſty, dwelt about her, and had kept every body hitherto from forming any expectations in his favour.

While Byron thus ſpent his hours in contemplation on Clara, Moſtyn came one day to him, and claimed his promiſe to plead to Miſs Greville in his behalf. "Do not only, my dear Byron," ſaid he, "try to move her heart, but alſo to find "out if it is not already engaged to an-"other."

Byron made uſe of every argument he could think of, to get rid of an affair, which now, as he felt a paſſion for Clara, became doubly diſagreeable to him: but in vain. He objected alſo to the time, as her aunt's illneſs had kept her ſo much confined, that he had not ſeen her for ſeveral days; and urged, that it would be

highly improper to wait on her ſo abruptly.

"Not at all," ſaid Moſtyn, "Mrs. "Sherwood is ſomething better; Miſs "Greville, therefore, leaves her now "and then in an evening, to take a little "air in a walk near their houſe, to which "I will conduct you. It is the moſt "fortunate time that can be, for you "will, in all probability, meet with "no interruption.—Could I but gain "this lovely creature's heart, and ſee "you married to my Emily, I ſhould "have nothing farther to deſire."

Byron wiſhed to make a reply to the latter part of his friend's ſpeech, but found himſelf unable to bring out a word. He was quite loſt in reflecting on the part he had to go through, a part ſhocking to him beyond expreſſion. To be ſo very much charmed with a woman whom he thought was exceeded by none

of her ſex, to have not the leaſt hopes of making an impreſſion on her heart, to be forbid even to try, nay, to be forced to exert all his eloquence to prevail on her to make another happy :—was ever man in a more aukward, more undeſirable ſituation !—He reſolved however, at all events, to perform the part of a real friend, and to act with the ſtricteſt honour with regard to Moſtyn, who came in about an hour to attend him to the Grove.—As ſoon as he came in ſight of it, and ſaw Clara at a diſtance, he quitted Byron, firſt preſſing his hand, and begging him to ſpare no pains to move her.

When Byron was diſengaged from his friend, and beheld the dear object of his warmeſt wiſhes ſitting on a little bench under a large tree, on one ſide of the walk, he advanced ſlowly towards her; but felt himſelf all over in ſuch a tremor,

that

that he ſcarce knew how to execute his commiſſion.—When he came near her, her head, leaning on the hand which reſted upon an arm of the ſeat, was a little turned from him: ſhe had a book in the other hand, which ſhe held up for ſome moments to her eyes, and then, on a ſudden, threw it down by her on the ſeat, as if ſhe was not able to read any longer. She appeared to be quite buried in thought, and till he came almoſt cloſe to her, neither ſaw nor heard him.—The firſt unexpected ſight of him made her ſtart, and her face glowed with bluſhes which ſhe could not conceal. Byron, not much leſs diſconcerted than herſelf, had no words ready for utterance. The becoming negligence of her dreſs, the affecting melancholy which appeared in her eyes, the lovely colour that animated her whole countenance, gave her a thouſand new charms, and made her appear ſo

captivating to Byron, that he ſcarce knew how to hide his emotions.—He ſat down by her, and with a faultering voice, expreſſed his pleaſure at ſeeing her after ſo long an abſence; and hoped that he did not diſturb her.—She made a ſhort, but civil reply, which ſeemed neither to encourage nor to forbid him to proceed: and after a ſhort pauſe, he told her how much her friends at the Wood lamented the loſs of her company.—"Poor Harry Moſtyn," continued he, "is quite unhappy on your "account.—There is not, I think, Miſs "Greville," in a ſoft, affecting tone, "a "more unfortunate, a more pitiable ob-"ject, than a worthy, an amiable man, "in the prime of life, pining away his "days, without any hopes of gaining "the heart of the moſt agreeable wo-"man in the world; ſo eminently a-"greeable, as to prevent him from re-

"moving

" moving his ill-placed love to a more " compaſſionate miſtreſs.—This, ma- " dam, ſeems to be the caſe of my un- " happy friend, who does not, I am wil- " ling to believe, merit all the ſeverity " with which, he tells me, you treat him. " —Though I have not been a great " while happy in your acquaintance, yet " from a conſtant attention to Mr. Moſ- " tyn's character, which is a very deſerv- " ing one, may I not expect," continued he, ſoftening his voice, " that you will " ſuffer me to plead for him, and to en- " deavour to prevail on your gentle heart " to pity and relieve his anxiety ?"

Here he ſtopped, while Clara, all aſtoniſhed at what ſhe had juſt heard, was for ſome moments ſilent: ſhe then told him with great politeneſs, but alſo with great reſolution, that ſhe was not a little ſurprized, after the poſitive refuſal ſhe had given Mr. Moſtyn, that he ſhould

ſtill think about her.—" Much more am " I ſurprized," continued ſhe, " that he " ſhould trouble a gentleman who is al- " moſt a ſtranger to me, upon a ſubject " which I deſire may never be repeated " to me.—I am quite ſorry, Sir," added ſhe, ſweetly ſmiling, as if ſhe thought ſhe had ſpoken to Byron with an unneceſſary harſhneſs, " that I am obliged to be " thus peremptory with you, who have " certainly undertaken your friend's " cauſe, from the ſincereſt regard for " him; but as I ever deemed it one of " the greateſt failings women are guilty " of in their connexions with men, to " amuſe them with expectations which " they never intend to gratify, I muſt be " quite explicit with regard to Mr. Moſ- " tyn, for whom I never had, for whom " I am well aſſured, I never ſhall have " the ſlighteſt inclination."

" Is

"Is it not poſſible, madam," replied Byron, "that time, and his tendereſt "aſſiduities, may at length work a "change in his favour? Many a man "who at firſt, nay for ſome time, has "deſpaired of a lady's love, and has ap-"peared in her eyes without any kind of "merit, has yet, by a continued attach-"ment to her, by an inviolable con-"ſtancy, at length moved her heart to "pity; and pity, in a gentle boſom, ſoon "ripens into love. — Will you not "then permit my friend to endeavour "to move a heart, that, I can well "conceive, muſt be invaluable? In-"deed," cried he with a ſigh, which he ſtrove to ſuppreſs, "only imagine, Miſs "Greville, the exquiſite torture of a man "who has the opportunity of ſeeing "beauties which muſt warm the coldeſt "breaſt, of hearing the moſt harmonious "voice in nature, while the ſound of it

" penetrates his very ſoul, employed in
" conveying the moſt delicate ideas and
" the ſtrongeſt ſenſe: of being witneſs
" to thoſe accompliſhments, which are ſo
" very uncommon, and which are height-
" ened at the ſame time, with the moſt
" enchanting graces of the mind! what
" muſt become of that man who is ſo cir-
" cumſtanced, and who is, in ſuch a ſitua-
" tion, forbid to hope?—forbid even to
" hope! Oh! Miſs Greville, think—
" think a moment."

Here he ſtopped. Poor Miſs Greville thought but too much.—If ſhe was pleaſed with Byron before in common converſation, what muſt ſhe have felt, when his air, his looks, his beſeeching attitude, and the perſuaſive tone of his voice, all conſpired to render him the moſt lovely, the moſt touching object imaginable to a woman who had no other attach-

attachment, and who was already violently prepoſſeſſed in his favour.

She bluſhed, ſhe hung down her head; ſhe was ſilent: ſhe wiſhed to make a reply, but ſhe could not immediately find words. She only felt a ſatisfaction that Byron had not addreſſed her on his own account: being almoſt certain, that it would not have been in her power to refuſe him. At laſt ſhe gained courage—ſhe ventured to look at him, all-lovely as he appeared to her, and ſaid, with the greateſt reſolution which ſhe could aſſume, "I entreat you, Sir, to tell your friend in "the ſtrongeſt terms, that my determi-"nation is unalterable, and that years of "conſtancy will only increaſe my aver-"ſion to him."

"How I pity my poor friend, ma-"dam!" ſaid Byron;—"but give me "leave, notwithſtanding, to aſk you one "queſtion: forgive me, if I am too im-

"portunate, becauſe it is made at the "requeſt, the earneſt requeſt of a man "who is made miſerable by your refuſal. "Is this averſion to him occaſioned by "your attachment to another?"

He ſtopped; he looked at her attentively. She was a good deal diſconcerted at this queſtion. Her face and neck were covered with ſcarlet bluſhes; but after ſome heſitation ſhe ſaid, "I never, "Sir, received addreſſes from any man "but Mr. Moſtyn."

This reply gave new life to Byron; he appeared quite another creature. He begged ten thouſand pardons for the liberty he had taken; aſſured her that he would never offend her again on that ſubject, nor on any other deſignedly. "But I cannot," continued he, "leave "you, madam, till you have promiſed "me forgiveneſs for what I have al-"ready ſaid: I am afraid, it has been

"diſ-

"diſagreeable to you; but for once, "Miſs Greville," continued he in a tenderer accent, "put yourſelf for half a "minute in my place.—Could I refuſe "an amiable young man, whoſe heart is "fixed upon an object ſo infinitely de-"ſirable as yourſelf?"

He ſaid no more, expecting her reply: but ſhe diſappointed him. His eyes, ſparkling with new ſpirit, filled at the ſame time with the moſt enchanting languor, were riveted on her's: his voice, naturally harmonious, became ſo meltingly ſweet, by the force of a paſſion which he could ſcarce any longer conceal, that the emotions which it raiſed in her tender boſom were almoſt too powerful to be endured.

He waited a while for her anſwer, and during that ſhort time, conſidered that he had ſtrictly fulfilled the promiſe which he had made to his friend; that ſhe had ab-

abſolutely, and in the moſt peremptory manner rejected him; and that ſhe had declared ſhe had no other attachment, though not directly; and ſometimes, though he was afraid to give credit to his eyes, he fancied that ſhe did not regard him with marks of diſlike. All theſe reflections, joined to the ardent love which he felt every moment increaſing for her, determined him to ſeize the preſent opportunity, and to try if he could ſoften her heart in his own favour.—"Will you not forgive "me, Miſs Greville," ſaid he with the moſt ſupplicating accents; "will you "carry your averſion to Mr. Moſtyn ſo "far as to make it extend to all thoſe "with whom he has any connexions? "Or am I unfortunately marked out "as the object of your hatred, becauſe I "have, merely out of compaſſion, under-"taken to plead his cauſe; becauſe I

"could

"could not help pitying a man who ſuf-
"fered under the frowns of your diſ-
"pleaſure?—But if I had foreſeen," con-
tinued he eagerly, "the fatal conſequen-
"ces of this friendly undertaking, and
"that it would have rendered me alſo an
"object of your averſion, I ſhould never
"have been prevailed on, with all my
"friendſhip for Moſtyn, to have diſ-
"charged this commiſſion for him; as I
"would rather die than offend the only
"perſon in the world whom I have hi-
"therto deſired to pleaſe: for whom,
"from my firſt acquaintance with her, I
"have felt the moſt tender paſſion, which
"I laboured to ſuppreſs, when I found
"that Moſtyn had long before me, de-
"clared his love for her; nor did I ven-
"ture to form a hope till I was told that
"her dear boſom was free from any at-
"tachment. Think then, madam," con-
tinued he, with a moſt reſpectful timi-

dity,

dity, "what I have already ſuffered for "you; and if you cannot return my paſ- "ſion with equal tenderneſs and ardor, "do not, oh! do not hate me: do not "ſend me from you unpardoned for this "preſumption."

Theſe laſt words ſeemed to be the only ones remembered by Clara; they made, at leaſt, the ſtrongeſt impreſſion on her.—She was all confuſion, all delight; but her confuſion ſhe wiſhed to conceal, and her delight ſhe was afraid to indulge. She could not, however, refuſe her pardon to a man, who had juſt given her a pleaſure almoſt too exquiſite to be ſupported, had not the bitter reflection that ſhe ought not to give way to it drawn a deep ſigh from her love-diſtracted breaſt. —She then lifted up her lovely eyes, and, covered with bluſhes, ſaid, in a tremulous voice, "I do forgive you, Mr. "Byron: but do, pray, leave me now."

"I

"I will," ſaid he, my adorable Miſs Greville: "I will ever obey you; but "muſt I go," continued he, in a plaintive key, "uncertain whether you feel "the ſame hatred for me, as you feel for "my friend? Muſt I leave you with a "thouſand fears, a thouſand terrors, leſt "I ſhould be the object of your diſlike? "You may, from the natural ſweetneſs "of your diſpoſition, pardon my offence, "yet abhor the offender."

"Oh! gracious heaven!" cried Clara, lifting up her eyes, "to what am I "deſtined!"—Then turning them towards Byron, with a ſoftneſs which ſhe ſtrove in vain to hide, "Have I ever, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "diſcovered any hatred, "any averſion to you?—What has in"duced you to perſecute me with ſuch "injurious notions? If the love which "you tell me you feel for me is ſincere, "you will comply with my requeſt.— "You will leave me to myſelf; becauſe

you

"you muſt, upon reflexion, be certain
"that we ought never to think of each
"other. You muſt have heard from
"Mr. Moſtyn of my very ſmall expecta-
"tions; and you are perfectly well aſ-
"ſured, that your uncle will never con-
"ſent to your alliance with a woman who
"has neither family nor fortune to make
"her deſirable: beſides, both the Mr.
"Moſtyns depend upon ſeeing you re-
"lated to them, and the tender Emily,
"all mild and gentle, has entirely placed
"her affections upon you, purely on ac-
"count of the great eſteem which her
"brother has for you, and of the excel-
"lent character he has given of you to
"her." "I can never love her," in-
terrupted he; "it is impoſſible!"—
"What," replied ſhe, "and muſt I
"alſo be the cauſe of ſo much un-
"happineſs to every body? Muſt the
"innocent Emily be made miſerable by
"her friend?" "Do not accuſe yourſelf of
"that,

" that, Miſs Greville," ſaid he. " If I had
" never known you, I never could have
" loved Miſs Moſtyn: and as I have never
" diſcovered the leaſt inclination for her,
" and have only waited for a proper op-
" portunity to tell her brother that I
" feel none, I am quite free.—My for-
" tune, to be ſure, independent of my un-
" cle, is very ſmall: but by gaining my
" charming Miſs Greville's approbation
" to ſpeak to him, I hope that he would
" not, I think that he could not, deny
" my firſt requeſt; eſpecially if he could
" become acquainted with you. If he
" ſhould even then be blind to ſo many
" accompliſhments, and cruelly refuſe his
" conſent, even the little which I poſſeſs,
" if my dear Miſs Greville could but
" condeſcend to bleſs me with her love,
" would make me happier than millions
" without her:—without her, indeed, I
" never can think of happineſs."

" And

"And what opinion," replied Miſs Greville, "could you have of me, Mr. "Byron, or could I have of myſelf, if I "returned the regard which you profeſs "for me, by rendering you deſpicable "to your friends, and odious to your fa-"mily?—But I have been inſenſibly led "into a converſation upon this ſubject, "which I never intended." "O ſtop, ſtop, "one moment longer," ſaid he, ſeeing her riſing to go; "one moment only," continued he, taking hold of her hand, "to ſay that you pardon my abrupt de-"claration; and to tell me, whether, if "all thoſe obſtacles were removed, you "could bring yourſelf to liſten to me?— "What tranſports ſhould I feel, only to "be told that I was not abſolutely indiffe-"rent to you!—But perhaps," added he, with a dejected air, "even that happi-"neſs is to be denied to me: perhaps, I "am

" am as much your averſion as poor
" Moſtyn is."

Clara, who had immediately withdrawn her hand from his, and was going to leave him, was ſo ſtruck with his melancholy appearance, and the diſcontented tone with which he pronounced thoſe words, that all her reſolution vaniſhed; ſhe could not withſtand his plaintive accents, and his pitiable looks; ſhe turned, and caſting her eyes upon him with the moſt affecting confuſion, " Do not, Mr.
" Byron," cried ſhe, " accuſe me of
" what I never have, of what I fear I ne-
" ver can be guilty of with regard to
" you. Why will you oblige me to tell
" you, that I can neither behold you
" with indifference nor averſion?—Aver-
" ſion! good heavens," continued ſhe, repeating that word— " But I inſiſt up-
" on your leaving me:" for upon this unexpectedly-favourable anſwer, he had

again

again taken her hand, which he eagerly preſſed between his, and looking at her with eyes expreſſive of the moſt ardent paſſion, and the moſt exquiſite pleaſure,—"My dear Miſs Greville," cried he, "do you then really think favoura-"bly of me?—But I will not detain you "any longer," added he, with a tender ſigh, ſeeing her look round her, as if fearful of being obſerved, and impatient to be gone.—"One dear look more."—She juſt threw her eyes on him, in which there was almoſt as much ſoftneſs as in his own; and breaking from him haſtily, ran towards the houſe without once turning her head back. He ſtood riveted to the ſpot in which ſhe had left him, till ſhe was quite out of ſight, and then walked up and down till the approach of evening made him think it neceſſary to direct his ſteps to the Wood.

When

When he arrived at the Wood, he ſaw an eagerneſs in young Moſtyn to enquire after his ſucceſs: but he was prevented, that night, from ſatisfying his curioſity, as he found company at ſupper, who were come upon a viſit to the father of his friend.

When Byron retired to his chamber, with his head and heart full of his lovely Clara, he ſat down immediately to write to his uncle; and after having drawn a character of his admired miſtreſs in the true language of a lover, which, however, ſhe thoroughly deſerved, he concluded with ſaying in the ſtrongeſt terms, "that the future happineſs of his "life depended upon his conſent to "marry her, and that his refuſal would "plunge him into the depth of deſ-"pair."

All night was he agitated between hope and fear: yet with regard to Clara, he

he was cheared by the former, and encouraged to perſevere.—He accordingly took the firſt opportunity the next day to acquaint his friend with the ſucceſs he had met with: and though he ſaid every thing in his power to comfort him under his diſappointment, he felt it very ſeverely. Moſtyn, however, thanked his friend for executing the part which he had undertaken, and aſſured him that he would uſe all his endeavours to make his ſiſter treat him more kindly.

Byron, quite ſhocked at the anſwer which he was obliged to give him, and at the return which he was forced to make him for his friendſhip, yet thought that there was now no time to be loſt, and with all the gentleneſs he was capable of, declared his inſufficiency to do juſtice to Emily's merit. He expreſſed ſo much concern, and ſpoke of her in ſuch a tender manner, that Moſtyn could not be offended

fended with him: he was only grieved, and ſtill more ſo for Emily, as he was afraid that it would hurt her greatly:—he did not, however, tell his friend ſo; he made little or no reply: but left him rather abruptly.

While Clara's lovers were thus employed, ſhe paſſed her time in waiting upon her ſick aunt, and in reflecting upon every look, word, and action of Byron, which dwelt but too forcibly on her memory. Now ſhe accuſed herſelf of having ſhewn him too much conſideration: now ſhe felt ſo true, ſo exquiſite a pleaſure, in being ſo tenderly beloved by a man every way ſo deſerving of her ſincereſt eſteem, that ſhe gave herſelf up to the indulgence of a delight, which ſhe however found herſelf obliged to reject, as ſoon as it had taken poſſeſſion of her heart, becauſe, upon a near inſpection,

ſhe found that it would be madneſs to indulge it.

With theſe fluctuating thoughts ſhe ſpent the tedious, tireſome day, and towards evening the dear idea of her Byron returned with double pleaſure. She could no way diveſt herſelf of thoſe thoughts: they imperceptibly led her, in the cool of the evening, to the ſame bench on which ſhe had ſeen him the day before.

Scarce had ſhe ſat down, and given a looſe to a thouſand pleaſing reflections on all that had paſſed between them, before ſhe ſaw him advance towards her. She thought it was her duty to avoid him, but feared it was not in her power. She roſe, however, as if uncertain what to do. He came up to her, and with the moſt tender, plaintive voice imaginable, ſaid, "Whither are you going, Miſs Gre-"ville? Won't you favour me with a

"moment's

" moment's converſation? Were you as
" ſenſible as I am of the pains of ab-
" ſence, you would, at leaſt, afford me
" your pity; if you conſidered how
" wretchedly I have paſſed the lingering
" day, deprived of the dear ſociety
" of her whom I love beyond any
" thing in this world—Beſides," continued he, " I have a great deal to
" tell you.—I have informed young
" Moſtyn of your reſolution concerning
" him: I have told him that I can never
" like his ſiſter, and have written to my
" uncle for his conſent to make me hap-
" py with my Miſs Greville, if ſhe will
" but bleſs me with her approbation."

Clara liſtened to her lover with a plea-ſure which ſhe was unable to conceal. She ſat down again. She ſmiled on him. He knelt at her feet, took hold of one of her hands, and with the moſt ſupplicating air ſaid, " Will you not ſpeak to

"me, my dear Miſs Greville? Will you "not tell me, whether you approve of "what I have done?"

Clara fetched a deep ſigh. She was, at firſt, pleaſed to find that he had taken all the proper ſteps to convince her of the ſincerity of his love, and to ſecure her to himſelf; but when ſhe reflected how little it would avail, deſpair damped all her hopes, and ſoftened her to tears.—She had recourſe to her handkerchief to hide her emotion, but upon Byron's preſſing her ſo earneſtly to ſpeak to him—"What, "what can I ſay to you," cried ſhe, "but that you have all my wiſhes for "your ſucceſs with your uncle?—I can "ſay no more."

This little ſpeech, pronounced with a particular energy, was flattering enough to fill Byron with the moſt unfeigned joy: he bowed his head upon the hand which he held between his, and kiſſed it

with

with fervour.—At that inſtant, Moſtyn, who had been anxious all day to know how to break Byron's refuſal to his ſiſter, appeared.—Thinking, at laſt, that as ſhe had ſo great an affection for Miſs Greville, ſhe would perhaps receive it better from her than any body elſe, and imagining that ſuch a requeſt would readily be granted by her, he was come to propoſe it.—The ſight of Byron at the feet of his beloved Clara, made him ſtart, and filled him with aſtoniſhment and indignation.—As he paſſed them, he ſaid fiercely, "So, Sir, I ſee you can "plead with ſucceſs, when you plead for "yourſelf, though not for your friend: "but I ſhall expect a ſatisfactory account "of your conduct."

Byron, amazed, quitted his poſture inſtantly, and turning haſtily towards him, replied with ſome warmth, "My con-"duct, Mr. Moſtyn!"—

Clara, who ſaw and heard all with the utmoſt terror, flew to Byron, who was going to follow Moſtyn, and ſeizing him haſtily by the arms, ſaid in a tremulous tone,—"O for the love of heaven ſtop, "ſtop a moment—unleſs you want to "make me miſerable beyond deſcrip- "tion, in ſeeing you murdered before "my eyes! Oh Byron, Byron, to what "am I deſtined?"

"To every thing that is bleſſed and "happy, my beloved Clara," cried he, (tranſported with the concern which ſhe ſo tenderly expreſſed for him) "if "it is in your Byron's power to make "you ſo;—but—ſit down, and be com- "poſed, my deareſt" (ſeeing her look exceſſively alarmed, and almoſt ready to faint through apprehenſion, which ſhe certainly had done, if a flood of tears had not ſeaſonably relieved her). This was too much for her lover to ſupport; he

ſaid

ſaid every thing he could think of to calm her; and as his tenderneſs for her increaſed, ſo, conſequently, did his fears. He gently preſſed her hands, while her eyes, ſwimming in tears, and overflowing with ſenſibility, were fixed upon him in the moſt affecting manner.—"Let me, I "conjure you," ſaid ſhe, in a voice almoſt ſuffocated by her ſighs, "let me "prevail on you, however you may "think your honour engaged, not to "riſk your life—a life now become "dearer to me than my own—with this "raſh man. Oh! give him time to cool. "He has no juſt reaſon to be offended "with you. I never would, I never "could have been his: let me tell him "the real truth: let the blame all turn "upon me: let but my Byron eſcape "his fury."

"My dear, dear Clara," ſaid he, "how "you tranſport, how you alarm me at the

"ſame time! I am bleſſed beyond ex-
"preſſion by your never-to-be-enough
"eſteemed tenderneſs; but then my fears,
"leſt your too great anxiety ſhould have
"a fatal effect upon your peace, deſtroy
"all my felicity."

"Only promiſe," cried ſhe, ſtill trem-
bling, "not to ſee Moſtyn yet. Return
"with me to my uncle's, and ſtay there
"till I can go to the Wood."

"I will, my Clara," replied he, "I
"will obey your every requeſt, conſiſtent
"with honour: the moment I ceaſe to
"have a regard for that, you will, I am
"well aſſured, ceaſe to love me."

They went directly together to Mr. Sherwood's, who was not at home.—Clara, though ſhe had had time in the walk thither to dry her tears a little, her apprehenſions were ſo far from being allayed, that they were rather increaſed, begged her lover to ſtay in the parlour, while ſhe went up ſtairs.

THE

THE HISTORY OF Mr. Byron and Miſs Greville.

BOOK II.

CLARA had not been long with her aunt, to whom in general terms ſhe related all that had paſſed, when Moſtyn's ſervant came and enquired if Mr. Byron was there; and upon being anſwered in the affirmative, ſaid he had a letter from his maſter, which he was ordered to deliver into his

own hand. Byron went to the door to him, and when he had read the letter, replied with great mildneſs, "I will "ſend Mr. Moſtyn an anſwer directly."

The letter was as follows:

"SIR,

"AFTER you have ſo groſsly im-"poſed upon me, by pretending to ſpeak "in my favour to Miſs Greville, but en-"deavouring at the ſame time to recom-"mend yourſelf to her; you cannot be "ſurprized at my deſiring to ſee you to-"morrow morning at five o'clock, at the "end of the park-wall.--You may "there, if you have any ſpirit, by giv-"ing me ſatisfaction with your ſword, "make me all the amends that is now in "your power, for your baſe behaviour "to the much injured

"H. MOSTYN."

Byron

Byron ſat down in the parlour, and wrote the following anſwer.

"WHEN I firſt began to rank "Mr. Moſtyn among my friends, I lit- "tle imagined that he would ever have "reaſon to charge me with a breach of "friendſhip, for which I could make "no atonement but with the point of my "ſword: To ſuch a method of redreſ- "ſing a ſuppoſed injury, I have ever "been greatly averſe, becauſe I never "could perſuade myſelf, that by deſtroy- "ing my adverſary, or by putting my "life in his power, I ſhould either juſti- "fy my conduct, or give him proper ſa- "tisfaction for the offence I had in his "own opinion committed againſt him. "That I availed myſelf of all the argu- "ments I could think of to influence "Miſs Greville in your behalf, and to

" prompt her to accept of your hand,
" I call heaven to witneſs; that ſhe alſo
" reſolutely refuſed to accept of it, or to
" hear any more upon that ſubject, is as
" certain. I was then ſurely at liberty
" to ſay to her from myſelf, what I will
" in the face of heaven avow, who knows
" the honour and ſincerity of my profeſ-
" ſions: but can I plead my eſteem for
" her by making her the topic of every
" common converſation? by ſubjecting
" her to a thouſand falſe reports, to
" a thouſand wanton calumnies? or by
" appearing before her with my hands
" bathed in the blood of my friend? in
" the blood of the man who ſtill pre-
" tends to love her, and who proves his
" paſſion by taking the moſt violent, the
" moſt brutal meaſures, to ſubdue a
" heart which has hitherto refuſed to
" yield to ſofter and more humane ones?
" But if, notwithſtanding what I here

" urge,

"urge, you are ſtill of opinion that I "have not ſufficiently exculpated my- "ſelf, and cleared myſelf from the im- "putation with which I am charged, I "am ready—I underſtand perfectly the "meaning of the word Spirit—to wait "on you at the place appointed.

"E. Byron,"

Juſt when he had finiſhed his letter, Clara came down to him. He put that and Moſtyn's into her hand, but firſt intreated her to be compoſed. She ran over them haſtily: ſhe made no reply: but ſitting down to the table, wrote herſelf to Moſtyn, while he diſpatched his letter by a ſervant of Mr. Sherwood's.

As ſoon as the ſervant returned, Clara's letter was ready: without ſhewing it to her lover, ſhe ſent it away by her uncle's man to Mr. Moſtyn. She then ſat by him, and fell into ſo violent

a

a paſſion of tears, that his kindeſt perſuaſions and his fondeſt endearments were all inſufficient to check their courſe.

Moſtyn, as ſoon as he left the Grove, went directly to his ſiſter, and in a furious rage told her, that Byron had inſulted him in the groſſeſt manner, by refuſing her abruptly for Clara, at whoſe feet he had left him; and declared that he would be revenged on him, or periſh in the attempt. His ſwift and ſudden arrival to tell her what, at any other time, related in the moſt gentle manner, and with the moſt delicate preparations, would have pained her extremely; the ferocity in his looks, and the vehemence of his language, ſhocked her in ſuch a manner, that ſhe was almoſt deprived of her ſenſes. She no longer retained them than to beg him, with uplifted hands, and ſtreaming eyes, to ſpare his Byron,

his

his once-loved friend; ſhe then fell into fainting fits, which alarmed all the family.

Mr. Moſtyn happened to be from home that evening. Her brother, who uſed to be ſo kind, ſo very affectionate to her, left her to the care of the ſervants, and ran haſtily to write the above-mentioned letter to Byron: and while it was carrying to him, walked up and down the houſe at a violent rate.—When the anſwer came back, he grew rather more calm, but ſtarted every now and then, as if ſtill much diſturbed during the peruſal of it.—Before he had time to recollect the ſeveral parts of it with any diſtinctneſs, the following letter was delivered to him from Clara.

"IT never was my intention, Sir, "to take up my pen to write to "you, becauſe long, long before I ſaw

Mr.

"Mr. Byron, I had determined never to
"accept of your offers to me; as I well
"knew that it was not, that it never
"would be, in my power to return your
"regard for me. Theſe ſentiments, Sir,
"I always declared to you and to Miſs
"Moſtyn, who will, I am certain, aver
"the truth of what I ſay, at any time, if
"my own veracity is queſtionable.—
"What right have you, then, Mr. Moſ-
"tyn, to interpoſe between me and any
"other gentleman, whom I am, aſſured-
"ly, at liberty to encourage, if he is a-
"greeable to me, becauſe I never gave
"you the leaſt reaſon, the ſlighteſt in-
"ducement to believe yourſelf ſo in my
"eyes? And do you then imagine that
"you will immediately become agree-
"able to me, by murdering the only
"man whom I can love? The man, for
"whom, before you knew that I felt a
"ſincere regard for him, you yourſelf

"pro-

"profeſſed the higheſt eſteem, the moſt
"cordial friendſhip? Can you, therefore,
"ſo groſsly abuſe that ſacred attach-
"ment? Can you ſo infamouſly violate
"the laws of hoſpitality, as with a bar-
"barous malevolence to ſeek an op-
"portunity of piercing the breaſt of this
"friend, who is ſtill the ſame worthy cha-
"racter, and who ought to be as dear to
"you as ever?—Of what crime has he
"been guilty?—He has only been too a-
"miable.—You, perhaps, might have
"been charged with this failing, if you
"had taken as much care to adorn your
"mind, and to correct your paſſions, as
"he has. Muſt he run the riſque of be-
"ing aſſaſſinated (for Byron will never,
"I will venture to aſſure you, lift up his
"hand againſt the man whom he has cal-
"led his friend) only becauſe he is more
"agreeable, more worthy of a woman's
"affection than another? Can he help

"my

" my preferring him to you? He might
" have wiſhed for that preference, I al-
" low: he might have endeavoured to
" procure it: and ſo did you: but nei-
" ther of you could have compelled me.
" —I was free to chuſe.—I have choſen;
" and I abide by my choice: I foreſee
" that I ſhall never have it in my power
" to reward his love, if he ſhould eſcape
" the murdering hand of his friend.—
" Yet I can make him happy, happy
" even in death, by following him to
" that grave which you will open for him,
" and which will, when he is no more,
" be the only deſirable, the immediate,
" the certain receptacle of the wretched
" Clara, rendered thus wretched alone
" by the hand of Mr. Moſtyn, who has
" pretended to love her enough to de-
" ſtroy his guiltleſs friend on her ac-
" count."

The

The firſt letter which Moſtyn received, the letter from Byron, not a little ſtaggered his reſolution; but this determined, this affecting one from his more-than-ever admired Miſs Greville, put an end at once to his paſſion and his pride, and filled him with the moſt tender ſenſations.—He was not ill-natured, he was only warm—and he was now become ſo deſirous of a reconciliation with Byron, that he could not give himſelf time to go up and ſee his ſiſter, for fear of not meeting his friend, the moment he returned home.

It was not till towards nine o'clock that Clara became tolerably compoſed; compoſed enough to think of going to Mr. Moſtyn's.—As it was Midſummer, the evening was quite light.—Her uncle was not yet returned.—She wiſhed to ſee him, but not caring to be out late with Byron, ſhe roſe up to go: but ſhe was ſo oppreſſed,

ſo

ſo afflicted, to think that ſhe might not probably ſee Byron another night, that ſhe ſunk down again in her chair, overwhelmed with ſorrow. He was almoſt as much diſtreſſed as herſelf, at ſeeing her give way to a grief, which nothing he was capable of ſaying could remove. He accuſed himſelf in the ſtrongeſt terms of having been the occaſion of ſo much ſorrow to her, and called heaven to witneſs, that he would rather die a thouſand times, than be the cauſe of her unhappineſs.

"Alas! my Byron," cried ſhe, ſighing, "that wiſh may be but too ſoon "accompliſhed:—and your miſerable "Clara may be left with the bitter re-"membrance of having been acceſſary to "the death of him, whoſe life ſhe would "willingly preſerve with the loſs of her "own.—But ſince we muſt ſubmit to "the decrees of Providence," ſaid ſhe, riſing

riſing to go, "let us endeavour to ſub-
"mit to them with fortitude."

They then walked ſlowly together to the Wood. As ſoon as they entered the houſe, Moſtyn flew to Byron, caught him in his arms, and intreated him to pardon his violent behaviour. "I have been "too haſty, my Byron," ſaid he, "but "impute my precipitation to the exceſs "of my paſſion for this lady, whom I "can no longer hope—with concern I "ſay ſo—to ſoften in my favour.—I "might indeed have been ſure of not "ſucceeding after your arrival."

"Say no more, my dear Moſtyn," cried Byron, interrupting him, "but let "us both endeavour to recover Miſs "Greville from the terror into which "ſhe has been thrown."

Moſtyn, then advancing to Clara, begged her forgiveneſs in the moſt ſubmiſſive manner; and ſhe, tranſported to find

find her Byron in ſafety, received his ſubmiſſion, and granted readily the pardon for which he ſued: ſhewing at the ſame time how much ſhe was obliged to him for his behaviour to his friend. She aſked him earneſtly after his ſiſter, and upon his telling her in what a melancholy ſituation he left her, ſhe immediately ran up ſtairs, deſiring him to go with her.

They found Miſs Moſtyn juſt recovered from her fainting fits, in an agony of tears. Clara hurried to her, and taking hold of her hand, enquired into the cauſe of her diſtreſs, and entreated her to declare what had occaſioned ſo unhappy a ſituation.

"Ah!" cried Emily, "you know but "too well—but firſt tell me, is Byron "ſafe?"—"My dear brother," continued ſhe, "you ought not to be angry

"with

" with him for not loving me; how can
" he help it?"

" He is ſafe, my dear Emily," ſaid Miſs Greville; " and Mr. Moſtyn has " behaved like a man of honour, and a " friend. Make yourſelf eaſy therefore, " and be aſſured, that though I am the " occaſion of Mr. Byron's not feeling " for you that inclination which both " you and Mr. Moſtyn wiſhed him to " feel, I never will, I never can be his: " and when he is certain of this, he will, " moſt probably, turn his thoughts on " the ſiſter of his friend, who is ready " to receive and reward his love. I ſhall " go to London in a few days, to my " father. You know very well that I " ſhould have gone before, had not my " aunt's ſudden illneſs prevented me.— " That I am, and that I have been par- " tial to Mr. Byron, I cannot deny: but " my eſteem for him will not hinder me

" from

"from doing my duty: it will rather, I "hope, prompt me to the performance "of it; as I can by no way ſhew my- "ſelf worthy of the regard with which he "honours me, than by ſtrictly deſerv- "ing it."

Here ſhe ſtopped.—Moſtyn gazed at her with freſh admiration, and Emily beheld her with aſtoniſhment.—She ſat with the latter till the elder Mr. Moſtyn came home; and then his ſon intreated her to go down with him to ſupper: but ſhe deſired him to excuſe her to his father, as Miſs Moſtyn was indiſpoſed, and ſaid, that ſhe would paſs the night with her.

As to Emily, ſhe was ſo confuſed with every thing that had been tranſacted, that ſhe ſcarce knew what to think.—She was glad to find that her dear Miſs Greville ſtill loved her, and rejoiced to hear that Byron was out of danger.

When

When the ſervants were withdrawn, and they were left by themſelves, Clara explained every circumſtance to her in the cleareſt manner, and concluded her information with aſſuring her, that ſhe well knew Sir Edward Byron would not conſent to her marrying his nephew; and that if he approved of his alliance with her Emily, ſhe would uſe all her endeavours to perſuade him to it:—"In "that caſe," ſaid Clara, "I will never "ſee him again."

Emily wept and ſmiled by turns, as ſhe was differently affected with what Miſs Greville had ſaid to her, and at laſt compoſed herſelf to reſt.—Clara could not: her anxious thoughts, added to the terrors which ſhe had endured, kept her awake the greateſt part of the night. When ſhe reflected on all that had paſſed, ſhe blamed herſelf extremely for

her indiſcretion, in firſt liſtening to Byron; and ſtill more, for putting herſelf in the way of a ſecond interview with him, as ſhe was not ignorant that Emily was the perſon deſigned for him: tho' deſigned for him only by her brother, who had no right to force his inclinations in favour of a ſiſter, however amiable and deſerving.—But when ſhe conſidered how much more deſirable an alliance was with Miſs Moſtyn, in point of family and fortune, ſhe could look upon herſelf only as the enemy of Byron, by not uſing her utmoſt endeavours to put a ſtop to that paſſion which he had diſcovered for her, and which, had ſhe been in other circumſtances, might have made them both completely happy.

While Clara was kept awake by theſe diſturbing thoughts, Byron's were not

in

in a more quiet ſtate.—He ſat up the laſt in the houſe, hoping to get an opportunity to ſpeak to her, and had in vain aſked Moſtyn, who was now become his confident, whether he thought ſhe would come down again that evening.—But Moſtyn could not inform him; for under the pretence of Emily's illneſs, they had refuſed him admittance after ſupper. Byron, therefore, was forced to retire, and found no ſatisfaction, but in the aſſurance of Miſs Greville's affection for him.

In the morning Clara choſe to breakfaſt in her young friend's apartment, though very much invited down by the elder Mr. Moſtyn, who was not acquainted with any of the tranſactions of the preceding day, and had only been informed by his ſon, that Emily was not very well.

When young Moſtyn came down from his ſiſter's apartment, Byron enquired after Miſs Greville, and aſked him if he ſhould not have the happineſs of ſeeing her for a moment.—Her abſence at that time, gave him a great deal of uneaſineſs.—He had ſcarce ſpoken to her after ſhe had been made ſo eaſy on his account.—He had a thouſand fond things to ſay to her; a thouſand queſtions to propoſe; but by keeping cloſe in Emily's room, ſhe prevented him from indulging himſelf in that way.

Miſs Moſtyn, however, recovered from her indiſpoſition before dinner. Clara, who had determined upon going to her uncle's, as her friend grew better, was ſtopped by the old gentleman, who proteſted that ſhe ſhould not leave them till the evening.—As his ſon, his daughter, and Byron, all joined in ſoliciting her

to

to ſtay, ſhe could not well refuſe their united intreaties, but reſolved to give Byron no opportunity to ſpeak to her alone.—Whenever their eyes met, Byron's ſeemed to reproach her with a change in her behaviour, which was to him but too viſible; though at the ſame time there was a tenderneſs in his looks, which ſhewed how much he ſuffered by the alteration in it: whenever ſhe found her eyes involuntarily wandering towards his, ſhe haſtily turned them into a different direction, and appeared half angry with herſelf, for even the gratification of a momentary glance at him.

Byron was at laſt ſo much hurt by this ſeeming indifference, that he was almoſt deprived of his appetite, and the power of utterance; he had little inclination to eat, leſs to ſpeak, and was ſo much oppreſſed with a variety of vexatious re-

ſections, that he roſe from the table, as ſoon as the cloth was removed, and went into the garden.

At the inſtant of Byron's quitting the room, Clara threw off the maſque of reſtraint, and became ſo very melancholy and inattentive, that neither Emily nor Moſtyn could ſcarce draw a word from her. As the old gentleman always took a nap after dinner, her young friends, tired with her ſilence, and having no amuſement, propoſed a turn in the garden to her. She deſired to be excuſed, but hoped ſhe ſhould not hinder their walking, as ſhe thought a little air might be of great ſervice to Emily.

"I muſt go," concluded ſhe, "to my "uncle's, for I am ſure that my aunt "will be offended with me for having "been ſo long abſent from her, when I "knewthat ſhe was not yet recovered."

They

They did not know how to oppoſe ſuch plauſible reaſons for leaving the Wood, and offered to walk with her; but as ſhe found herſelf, at that time, totally unfit for converſation, ſhe told Emily that ſhe apprehended the walk would be too much for her, ſo ſoon after her illneſs, and inſiſted upon going home unaccompanied.

Emily parted from her friend with extreme reluctance, and Moſtyn, tho' he refrained from declaring himſelf the lover, was ſtill ſo in his heart; he, therefore, could not be pleaſed with her abſence. But as he imagined that ſhe would ahve been greatly diſguſted with him, if he had perſiſted to attend her, he ſuffered her to move homewards by herſelf, and only followed her with his eyes.

When Clara had been gone a few minutes, Emily aſked her brother, if he would ſtep into the garden with her in ſearch of Byron.—As ſoon as they met him, he enquired eagerly after Miſs Greville; and when they told him that ſhe was gone away, he flew, without making any reply, and, breathleſs thro' haſte, overtook her but juſt out of ſight of the Wood. He ſlackened his pace as he approached her, for fear of alarming her too much; and when he came up to her, made ſome incoherent apology for appearing before her, as he was afraid that his preſence was unwiſhed for, undeſired.

"Why, indeed, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "we "ſhould, I believe, circumſtanced as "we are, be both happier, by avoiding "each other."

"Good

"Good heaven!" cried Byron, ſhocked at the coolneſs with which ſhe received him, and the formality of the word *Sir*, "what has happened, I "beſeech you, ſince laſt night, to cauſe "ſo prodigious a change in you, Miſs "Greville? — You then kindly threw "off all diſguiſe, and made me the hap-"pieſt of men, by freely owning a ten-"der regard for me."

"I then, Mr. Byron," replied ſhe, "had, through my indiſcretion, brought "your life into the moſt imminent dan-"ger; and as I every moment ex-"pected to ſee you dead before my "eyes, I could not hinder myſelf from "diſcovering the ſorrow which I felt "upon that occaſion; but I thank "heaven, all gracious heaven, has "preſerved your life; and as I have "only to wiſh that I may never be un-

" happily inſtrumental to your unea-
" ſineſs in any ſhape, I am determined
" to endeavour to forget that I ever
" knew you, and to return to my
" father."

Though Clara had ſummoned up all her fortitude in pronouncing theſe few words, her voice faultered before they all dropped from her lips;—but Byron's impatience to anſwer her, prevented him from taking notice of any tremor in the utterance of them.

" And is this, madam," ſaid he, " the
" method you take to exclude uneaſineſs
" from me?—Ah! how little are you
" acquainted with my heart, only to
" imagine, that I can ever have the leaſt
" proſpect of happineſs without you!"

" And that you never can have the
" leaſt hope of it with me, is moſt cer-
" tain," replied ſhe; " for your uncle

" will

" will never, I am fully perſuaded, con-
" ſent to ſuch an alliance: nor is it rea-
" ſonable toſuppoſe that he ſhould.—We
" were never deſtined for each other,
" Mr. Byron; let us, therefore, at
" once, reſolve to act with prudence. If
" you ſtill flatter me with having any
" influence over you, let me intreat you
" to think of me no more; to return to
" the houſe of your friend; and to con-
" ſent to make an amiable, innocent
" girl happy, who doats on you; and in
" contributing to whoſe felicity, you
" will at length, believe me, promote
" your own."

" Never,—never, my Clara," cried he,—" never can I bear the moſt diſ-
" tant thought of giving you up, much
" leſs of marrying another woman.—
" Oh! if you did but know what I
" now endure, from the bare idea of

" losing you, and from this cool indiffe-
" rence, you would pity me, I am sure.
" —I am a thousand times a greater
" object of compassion, at this instant,
" than I was last night, when you, all
" trembling with terror for my life,
" gave me so many tender proofs of
" your esteem, and affectionate regard.
" —What I have done since, to forfeit
" that esteem, which was the source of
" all my happiness, I cannot devise.
" I have racked my brain to no purpose,
" to discover the cause of this dreadful
" change in your behaviour, and would
" rather, this moment, expire at your
" feet, blessed with the affection you
" once expressed for me, than live for
" ages thus neglected by you, and
" treated with the most mortifying
" coldness.—It may be too true, that
" my uncle will refuse my request; but
" if

" if you really loved me, his refuſal would
" have no weight with you. Though
" my fortune is very ſmall, love and
" content might render it ſufficient; and
" methods might be found, my Clara,
" to increaſe our little ſtock.—I have
" ſome few friends, who, in caſe Sir
" Edward frowns on me, may be ſer-
" viceable; and if, by their means, I
" could procure a commiſſion, we
" might, in time, be able to defy the
" malice of fortune."

" And I ſhould ſhew my regard for
" you wonderfully, ſaid Clara, in be-
" coming the cauſe of Sir Edward's
" throwing off all farther care of you,
" and in expoſing you to the horrors
" and miſery of war; to get your
" bread by your ſword—No, Byron,
" never, never expect my conſent upon
" ſuch

"ſuch hard, ſuch cruel terms. I "eſteem you far too much for that."

"Do you then ſtill eſteem me, my dear Miſs Greville," ſaid he: "And is "cold eſteem all that you can now "afford me, after having given me "reaſon to hope for your love? After "the letter which you wrote to Moſtyn "on my account? That dear letter "wherein you owned your love, and "kindly ſeemed to glory in it?—Oh! "Clara, Clara, what has cauſed ſo "ſudden, ſo unexpected a change?"

Clara bluſhed at the recollection of the warm terms, in which ſhe had ſo freely confeſſed her inclination for Byron, and immediately aſked him how he came to know the contents of that letter, and where it was.

"Moſtyn gave it to me," replied he, "at my requeſt, and declared that your

"letter

" letter alone had turned his rage
" againſt me into the moſt melting com-
" paſſion.—It has, therefore, my dear
" Clara, ſaved my life, and the life of
" my friend; and I will ſacrifice them
" both before I will part with it."

" 'Tis very well, Sir," ſaid Clara, " I
" am glad it has had the effect I wiſhed.
" I wrote it with a view to point out
" to Moſtyn the folly, the unreaſona-
" bleneſs, and the guilt of the action
" which he was going to perpetrate;
" and therefore expreſſed myſelf in
" ſtronger terms than I ſhould other-
" wiſe have done concerning you. But
" you have no reaſon to infer from
" thence that I am ready to join with
" you in the greateſt of all weakneſſes,
" in gratifying an inclination which
" can only produce diſquietude and
" diſtreſs to us both.—Let us, there-

" fore,

"fore, Mr. Byron, from this moment,
"be contented with eſteeming each
"other: let us, from this moment,
"look upon each other only as com-
"mon acquaintance."

Byron, ſhocked at the compoſure with which ſhe affected to treat him, and not a little piqued at the indifference which ſhe endeavoured to aſſume, replied,—"The breaking off of a tender connec-
"tion, may be, perhaps, very eaſy to
"you, madam; but I confeſs I am not
"ſo deſtitute of ſenſibility. I cannot
"love and hate in ſo ſhort a time.—
"From her to whom I have given my
"heart, though it is not treated as ten-
"derly as I expect, I ſhall not, I am
"afraid, find it an eaſy taſk to re-
"call it."

Poor Clara was too much moved by the manner in which he pronounced theſe

theſe words, to make any reply; and all her heroiſm was juſt going to forſake her, when the ſound of haſtily-approaching ſteps behind them, turned Byron's attention to ſee who followed them.—He ſaw his own ſervant, whom he had ſent with his letter to Sir Edward, bringing him an anſwer to it. He ſnatched it from him with eagerneſs, opened it, read it, let it fall from his hands with a ſigh as if the boſom from which it iſſued was burſting.

Clara, in ſpite of all her efforts to preſerve her compoſure, was diſconcerted by the abrupt arrival of this letter; and though ſhe had not expected any favourable anſwer from Sir Edward, ſhe had nevertheleſs permitted hope to flatter her till ſhe perceived her lover's perturbation. —Determined however to know, if poſſible, the worſt without delay, ſhe ſaid, ſtooping

ſtooping for the letter, "Have I your "leave, Sir, to peruſe this? I make no "doubt but that I am concerned in it."

"Oh! Miſs Greville," replied he, ſighing, "if your heart is now ſteeled "againſt compaſſion, what will become "of me?"

She read the letter, which contained a very peremptory order to her lover to think no more of her, but, as he valued his uncle's favour, to make his addreſſes immediately to Miſs Moſtyn, whom he knew to be a very good girl, with a very ſuitable fortune, and who was alſo in love with him: upon thoſe conditions he would ſettle a thouſand pounds a year upon him directly; but in caſe of his refuſal, he would not only never ſee him again, but would neither give nor leave him a ſhilling.

Clara

Clara could not ſuppreſs a ſigh at the hard conditions impoſed upon Byron by his uncle; but, giving him the letter, with a look of firmneſs mingled with concern, "There, Mr. Byron," ſaid ſhe, "is your leſſon; and though it may be "at firſt hard to learn, time, believe "me, will render it eaſy.—Do not ſeek "for arguments to make me change my "purpoſe.—I will not hear them—nor "would they have any effect upon me "if I did.—My reſolution is taken. "Let me, if I have the leaſt influence "over you, perſuade you to follow my "example. Emily Moſtyn is a beau-"tiful young creature, and amiable be-"yond expreſſion. She loves you tender-"ly: and though poſſibly, ſhe may not "have all the accompliſhments you "could wiſh in a companion, her youth, "docility, and love, will ſoon render her

"miſtreſs

" miſtreſs of all the arts of pleaſing.—
" Did I know a better girl in the world,
" one who would make a more deſirable
" wife, I would not thus preſſingly re-
" commend her. Conſider the tender,
" the innocent affection which ſhe feels
" for you, and, in pity to her, conſent to
" make two families happy by an al-
" liance ſo very prudent, ſo very eligi-
" ble; and by oppoſing which you
" will make me truly unhappy, as I ſhall
" abhor myſelf for being the unfortu-
" nate cauſe of your oppoſition to it:
" nor will your refuſal, in this caſe, be
" of the ſmalleſt ſervice to you with re-
" gard to me: for I ſwear by all that's
" ſacred, that ———.

" Oh! Clara, my dear Clara," cried Byron in an agony of deſpair, " Stop,
" ſtop, I implore you,—or never
" expect to ſee me enjoy a mo-
" ment's

" ment's peace.—I will go to my uncle
" —I will relate all that has paſſed be-
" tween us.—When he ſees my diſtreſs,
" when he hears my ſtory, his heart,
" hard as it now appears to be, will
" perhaps be ſoftened to pity. I think
" he loves me, and will try his affection
" to the utmoſt, before I give up a cauſe
" on which all my happineſs depends.

" You had better give it up at once,
" Sir," ſaid Clara, " indeed you had.
" Your talking upon a ſubject ſo diſa-
" greeable to Sir Edward, will only irri-
" tate him more againſt you: old age is
" generally bigotted to its opinion.—
" People far advanced in life, are ſeldom
" or never brought to believe that
" young folks are ſuch good judges of
" their own happineſs as thoſe who
" have a right to adviſe them. Beſides,
" it will be all to no purpoſe.—I am re-
" ſolved

" ſolved never to come into a family
" by which I am not approved, or in
" which another is preferred.—Should
" you therefore force Sir Edward into a
" conſent, for you will I am certain never
" gain it without compulſion, I ſhall
" be ſtill free to chuſe, and ſo I will re-
" main: but if you will agree to marry
" Miſs Moſtyn, I will give you my word
" and honour never to become the wife
" of any man living, ſince I can't be
" your's. If, therefore, you really love
" me as much as you pretend, the only
" way to ſhew your ſincerity, is to com-
" ply with your uncle's wiſhes and com-
" mands.—Conſider, Mr. Byron, your
" uncle is entitled to this compliance
" from you, and ſo is your friend, who
" has by his late behaviour, ſhewn
" himſelf much your ſuperior in the re-
" gulation of his paſſions.—He gave

" me

" me up handſomely when he found me
" reſolute—Govern yourſelf by his con-
" duct, and let me have the pleaſing ſatis-
" faction of knowing that the only man
" I have ever loved, was every way
" worthy to be loved by me."

" *Have* loved!" ſaid Byron, looking mournfully at her; " and am I then to
" be only mortified with the reflection
" that you *have* loved me, and that you
" love me no longer?—O Miſs Greville!"

" Stop, ſtop, Mr. Byron," ſaid Clara,
" I have heard but too much upon this
" ſubject—I will hear no more.—I am
" only grieved to think that I ſhould be
" ſo miſtaken in you; for I muſt confeſs,
" I never could have imagined, from the
" character I had of Mr. Byron, and
" from the propriety of his carriage,
" during the ſhort time I have been ac-
" quainted with him, that he would be
" entirely governed by a ſelfiſh diſpoſi-
" tion,

"tion, and prefer his own happineſs to "the felicity of his friends: of thoſe at "leaſt whom he calls ſo."—With theſe words, without caſting a look at him, ſhe ſtepped haſtily into her uncle's houſe, and left him, almoſt petrified with aſtoniſhment and affliction, at the door.

He ſtood there for ſome time, immoveable; and then reſolved to make one more effort to move Sir Edward in favour of his paſſion; thinking that Clara, if ſhe found his uncle willing to accept her as a niece, would, notwithſtanding all ſhe had been ſaying, have affection enough for him to induce her to crown his deſires. Fluſhed with theſe hopes, he haſtened back to the Wood, and telling young Moſtyn that he was obliged to pay a viſit to Sir Edward, and that he would ſoon return to him again, took his leave of the elder Mr.

Moſtyn and his daughter; and mounting his horſe, rode off to his uncle's ſeat, which was between twenty and thirty miles diſtant, croſs the country.

As ſoon as Clara had quitted her lover, and got up into her aunt's apartment, all her boaſted reſolution vaniſhed: ſitting down by her, ſhe began to inform her of her ſituation; gave a free courſe to her tears, and concluded with ſaying, "As you find yourſelf much better, "Madam, I will go to town in the "morning."

Her uncle, who was preſent as well as her aunt, approved very much of her deſign, though they were ſorry to part with her. Mr. Sherwood ſent immediately to the next inn to beſpeak a place in the ſtage for her.

Clara, in ſpite of all her endeavours to conquer her weakneſs, for ſo ſhe termed her attachment to Byron, could not ſtifle

the emotions of ſenſibility in his behalf. To keep up her reſolution before him, was the utmoſt ſhe could bring herſelf to.—When ſhe was alone, her ſighs and tears, which ſhe could neither ſuppreſs nor moderate, but too plainly convinced her of the violence of her inclination. —This conviction, however, did not prevent her from enforcing in the ſtrongeſt manner, with her pen, what ſhe had already urged in their walk from the Wood. To the arguments ſhe then adopted, ſhe added every other cogent one which ſhe could think of to induce him to obey his uncle, and to marry Miſs Moſtyn; aſſured him, that if he could but prevail on himſelf to agree to this requeſt, he might depend upon her perpetual eſteem; and declared that ſhe would always continue ſingle, as his compliance would raiſe him too high in

her

her eſteem, to ſuffer her to think of any other man.

After ſhe had wrote this letter, which ſhe begged her uncle to deliver to him, as ſoon as ſhe was gone to London, ſhe alſo wrote a very affectionate one to Emily, acknowledging the many civilities which ſhe had received from her and all her family: told her that ſhe was obliged to return to her father, and that ſhe rather choſe to inform her of her motions by writing, than to take a formal leave of her; imagining that ſuch a ſeparation would affect them both too much.

This ſecond epiſtle being alſo recommended to the care of Mr. Sherwood, he conducted Clara, himſelf, to the ſtage in the morning, and ſaw her ſafely ſeated in it on her way to London.

A few hours after her departure, young Moſtyn, ignorant of her deſigns, called upon Mr. Sherwood, and was

very much ſurpriſed to hear of her ſudden removal. He took the letter which ſhe had left for his ſiſter, and carried it home with him. Emily and he ſpent their time till Byron's return in lamenting the abſence of their dear Miſs Greville.

Byron arrived at his uncle's late in the evening. The old gentleman received him with great cordiality, ſuppoſing that a deſire to declare his readineſs to obey him, had brought him in ſuch a hurry: but when he ſaw his dejected looks, and heard his repeated ſupplications for his conſent to an alliance with Miſs Greville, he ſhewed ſo much diſpleaſure, that Byron was ſoon obliged to deſiſt from importuning him upon that ſubject. He ſwore bitterly that he would never conſent to ſo imprudent a match.

Unluckily,

Uuluckily, the friends of Mr. Moſtyn who ſupped and ſlept at the Wood, the night on which Harry Moſtyn found Byron at his Clara's feet, were alſo intimates of Sir Edward Byron: and returning to his neighbourhood in the morning, told him that they had ſeen his nephew, and that he was in love with Miſs Moſtyn, who was the moſt beautiful girl in the world; and that young Moſtyn was engaged to Miſs Greville, from London, a woman of no family or fortune; but the old gentleman, they ſaid, did not care to oppoſe his ſon's inclinations, who was extravagantly fond of her.

Byron attempted to ſet his uncle right with regard to theſe few miſtakes, but found that he had undertaken too arduous a taſk: Sir Edward flew into a violent paſſion, ſwore that he did not know he was ſo furious a fellow as to have a

deſign upon both the girls—"But ſince "it is ſo, young man," continued he, "I am poſitively determined that you "ſhall marry Emily, who is, I know, far "from being averſe to you; and you "may keep the other, if you have ſuch "a fancy for her; but if you dare to "marry her, Ned, you ſhall never enter "my doors again; nor receive ſixpence "of my money."

Byron, driven to deſpair, by his ill ſucceſs with his uncle, took leave of him in the morning.—"Go back to Miſs "Moſtyn," ſaid Sir Edward; "I ſhall be "with you myſelf to-morrow, to ſettle "matters with her father."

Byron then threw himſelf at his uncle's feet, and, overwhelmed with grief, implored him to have ſome pity for him.—"Since you will not permit "me, Sir," ſaid he, "to marry a woman "on whom my ſoul doats, without

"whom

" whom I can never be happy; do not
" oblige me to unite myſelf with one
" whom I never can love. Think,
" O! think, Sir, a moment, what wretch-
" edneſs muſt be the certain lot of your
" miſerable nephew, whom you have hi-
" therto kindly looked upon, and treated
" as your own ſon, when doomed by
" your rigour to paſs his unhappy hours
" with a woman whom he can never
" eſteem. Think too, Sir, how hard
" will be her fate to be forced to marry
" a man who has not the ſlighteſt incli-
" nation for her, and who cannot there-
" fore make her life happy."

" Pſhaw—pſhaw, Ned," cried Sir Edward, in an angry tone: " Prythee get
" up, boy, and don't make a fool of
" yourſelf by this whining nonſenſe.—
" I'll anſwer for your being well enough
" pleaſed when you have ſuch a hand-
" ſome girl in your arms; and I ſhould

"be glad to ſee any of them ſorry to be
"tied to ſuch a well-built young fellow
"as thou art.—Get up, get up;—don't
"drivel like an idiot;—but when thou
"art weary of Emily Moſtyn, take the
"other wench for your miſtreſs, I ſay.—
"What a pother is here about nothing?"

Byron, whoſe blood began to boil with indignation at the degrading manner in which Sir Edward mentioned his adorable Clara, ſaid warmly, "Miſs
"Greville, Sir, has a mind equal to her
"perſon, and her behaviour is as faultleſs as her beauty. She would be as
"much ſhocked at my offering the leaſt
"diſhonourable addreſſes to her, as I
"ſhould ſcorn to ſcandalize her with
"them.—"

"Fine heroicks, Ned!" cried his uncle; "high flights, my boy!—What
"didſt thou learn them in Italy?—Hey?
"No—no—the women are more com-

"ing

"ing there; and ſo will your Miſs
"Greville, I'll warrant, when ſhe ſees
"that you are not to be had upon other
"terms: but I ſuppoſe the ſly baggage
"kept up her conſequence in hopes to
"wheedle you into matrimony, that ſhe
"might have a chance to come in for
"a ſnap at my eſtate."

Byron, who did not dare to truſt himſelf any longer with his uncle, leſt he ſhould be provoked to ſay ſomething diſreſpectful, hurried out of the houſe, and rode back to the Wood.—When he found that Miſs Greville had left the country, no words can deſcribe the uneaſineſs, the anguiſh which he felt. He aſked young Moſtyn every thing which he had learnt from her uncle relating to her journey, and ſet out, as ſoon as he could procure another horſe, in purſuit of her.

While Clara's lover was ſo employed, ſhe was purſuing her journey in the ſtage

with only two companions, of the other ſex, but with the moſt diſſimilar diſpoſitions to be imagined. One of them belonged to that claſs of men who believe that every woman with whom they meet, and happen to find agreeable, is ready to accept of all kinds of offers, proper or improper, and who think they do great honour to her whom they diſtinguiſh, though by the groſſeſt behaviour.—The other was a young gentleman, bleſſed with a very good underſtanding, and very well-bred.

The melancholy with which Clara was oppreſſed, could no more be concealed than the beauty of her perſon, and the dignity of her air, which inſpired one of her companions with ſentiments greatly to her advantage; while the other, tho' he had not much notion of paying any ſort of reſpect to women, found an unaccountable ſomething in her, which

urged

urged him warmly to be better acquainted with her, and at the ſame time repreſſed all familiar approaches.—The laxity of his principles, however, did not ſuffer him to remain long in a reſerved ſituation, eſpecially as the politeneſs of his companion in the carriage had now and then obliged Clara to make a civil reply to the attempts which he made towards a converſation with her; by which ſhe diſcovered the ſweetneſs of her ſmiles, though ſtill clouded with ſorrow, and the melting melody of her voice, which was almoſt irreſiſtible, and which charmed him to ſuch a degree, that he employed his thoughts during the remainder of the journey, in forming ſchemes to improve their acquaintance, begun thus accidentally, and to make it turn to advantage.—But as he had neither art nor inclination to conceal his deſigns, Clara ſoon diſcovered ſomething

in his behaviour, which put her upon her guard, and made her earneſtly wiſh, for that, and many other reaſons, to be in town.—When they got into the coach again after dinner, the wine which her admirer had drank, contributing not a little to inflame his paſſions, rendered him very diſagreeable to poor Clara; and he might have been extremely troubleſome, had not the other gentleman, who tried to give a turn to the converſation, ſhewed at the ſame time, his abhorrence of ſuch behaviour, and his determination to protect Clara, in caſe his companion grew too impertinent. When they arrived at the end of the journey, he found his interpoſition abſolutely neceſſary; for when ſhe ordered a coach to be called to carry her home, he inſiſted upon going with her; and nothing but the becoming ſpirit of the other could have, in all probability, ſaved her from any kind of in-

ſult which he might have offered: for ſeeing him perſiſt in following her into the coach, he took hold of him by one arm, and throwing him ſome diſtance, ſtepped into the coach to Clara, bade the coachman drive on, and drew up the window.

When they had advanced a few yards, he turned to Clara, who looked rather dead than alive, with the fright ſhe had been in, and aſked her whither he ſhould direct the coachman, making an apology for the liberty he had taken, and which he told her he never ſhould have thought of, had ſhe not been in the ſituation to want his protection. On letting down the window, and obſerving the paleneſs of her countenance, he called to the man to ſtop: and taking hold of her hand aſked her if ſhe was ill: if ſhe would get out of the coach: if ſhe would go into a ſhop, and take ſomething.—At this inſtant, while his

his eyes were fixed on her in the tenderest manner, and while her hand was in his, Byron diſcovered them.—He had come up with the ſtage juſt as it arrived in town, and gave his horſe to his ſervant, but did not get to the inn till Clara was driven away from it in the hack.—He enquired of the ſtage coachman where the lady was whom he had brought to London, and was told that ſhe was juſt ſet off in the coach which he ſaw before him. He was on the ſide of the ſtreet neareſt to her; he ſaw the gentleman's anxious care about her; and he obſerved that he held her hand, without her appearing to be offended with his freedom.—She was indeed ſo alarmed and terrified, that ſhe ſcarce knew any thing that paſſed, but with her eyes caſt down, only begged that the coachman might be ordered to drive to ——— ſtreet, as faſt as poſſible.—Her protector

protector then drew up the window again, and they proceeded to her father's.

Byron now thought that he had found the reaſon of Miſs Greville's coolneſs to him, and that ſhe was come to town either with, or to meet, a favoured lover. Theſe reflections filled his heart with the moſt poignant anguiſh.—After having ſeen her, at a diſtance, conducted into the houſe by the ſtranger, (whoſe name was Emerſon) he returned to the inn, where he paſſed the night in a ſtate of mind much more eaſily to be conceived than deſcribed; and reſolved, in obedience to his uncle, ſo thoroughly was he piqued at the behaviour of Clara, to marry Miſs Moſtyn.—When morning came, however, his reſtleſs and diſtracted thoughts prompted him once more to endeavour to ſpeak to his ſtill dear, ſtill beloved Clara.—At a proper hour, he repaired to the ſtreet, in which

he

he had left her on the preceding evening. The firſt object which met his eye, was Mr. Emerſon, who entered Mr. Greville's houſe juſt at the inſtant of his coming up to it. This ſight was too ſhocking to be endured. He was ſure that this gentleman was the perſon whom he had beheld ſitting ſo familiarly by her ſide in the coach.—This certainty almoſt diſtracted him. Confirmed in the opinions which he had formed againſt her, and ſtrengthened in his reſolution to obey his uncle at all events, but yet not able to command himſelf enough to leave the very ſpot which contained all that was dear to him, without endeavouring to ſee her once more, he knocked at Mr. Greville's door. Clara, who had accidentally ſeen him from the window, (though ſhe could have moſt willingly flown into his arms, if her ſincere regard for him had not, at that time, got the better

better of her own inclinations) called down to the ſervant to ſay, that if any perſon enquired for her, ſhe was not there; and that it was not known when ſhe would be.—This poſitive and peremptory anſwer entirely diſconcerted Byron, and ſhocked him ſo much, that he turned from the houſe, frantic with deſpair, mounted his horſe as ſoon as he returned to the inn, and rode back to the Wood.

When Byron had been about half an hour at the Wood, Sir Edward arrived there, and proceeded to ſettle every thing with the elder Mr. Moſtyn, relating to the marriage of his daughter, with whoſe beauty he was much pleaſed, to his nephew.—Byron attended his uncle, and told him that he was ready to obey his commands; but thoſe words were uttered ſo ſlowly, and were accompanied with ſo ſorrowful an air, that Sir Edward

Edward chid him pretty ſeverely for his apparent backwardneſs in taking ſo lovely a young girl to his arms, who he aſſured him, if he had himſelf been a few years younger, ſhould not have been left to his choice.

Byron made no reply, but fetched a deep ſigh: his heart was full; he could not ſpeak. After having waited on his uncle till he had vented ſeveral ſpeeches in the ſame ſtrain, he deſired he might be permitted to retire to dreſs, that he might be ready to attend the lady whom he had choſen for him.—Sir Edward aſſented with a nod, and he retired to his apartment, to which he was followed by young Moſtyn; to whom he related all that he had ſeen in town. "And yet," ſaid he, "ſhe declared, nay ſolemnly "ſwore that ſhe would never marry any "man but me.—O Woman! Woman!"

Moſtyn

Moſtyn replied, that he had never heard of Miſs Greville's having any other particular admirer. "Though," continued he, "'tis not impoſſible, as "ſhe has, of late, been very little at the "Wood, and always ſeemed uneaſy ex-"cept ſhe was at Mr. Sherwood's.— "How happy am I, my dear Byron, "that your rational letter, joined to that "of this lovely girl, put a timely ſtop "to my ungovernable fury! Into what "miſery ſhould I have plunged myſelf, "perhaps, ere now, had I not liſtened to "the voice of friendſhip, and of reaſon?"

"'Twas to that lovely girl alone, ſaid "Byron, that you owed your return to "reaſon; for amiable ſhe is, and ever "muſt be eſteemed by me, whether I "am forgotten or remembered by her. "But ſurely her behaviour in this affair, "has been ſtrangely inconſiſtent. When "I firſt ventured to declare my paſſion,

"for

" for her, I thought that I perceived in " her whole manner, rather a timid con- " fuſion, than any ſigns of anger or diſ- " guſt; and when you found me at her " feet, and threatened reſentment, words " cannot paint the agitation in which ſhe " appeared.—She freely owned her ter- " rors and her love.—Oh! Moſtyn, " what would I give for the return of " thoſe bleſt moments!—But they are " gone—they are paſſed—for ever.—All " I have now to do is to try—Heaven " knows how vainly I try!—to forget " them.—Surely they were the happieſt " moments of my life.!"

Moſtyn, who had not been able to baniſh entirely the fond idea of Miſs Greville from his mind, made no anſwer, and thereby convinced Byron, more than by any thing he could have ſaid, of the impropriety of his conduct.—" But I " cannot help indulging theſe thoughts, " my friend," continued he; " I muſt en- " tertain

" tertain thoſe of the tendereſt nature for " your ſiſter, your amiable ſiſter, the " gentle, the innocent Emily. To my " tendereſt thoughts ſhe has now a " right.—Time and her merit will, I " hope, render me in every reſpect juſt " to her."

When they came down into the parlour, they found Sir Edward throwing out a profuſion of flowery ſpeeches to Miſs Moſtyn, who received them with the prettieſt confuſion imaginable. But upon the entrance of Byron, the old Baronet called upon him to advance and take his place near his lovely miſtreſs. Byron obeyed, though with viſible reluctance, and was, during dinner, rather polite than tender. His whole carriage, indeed, towards her would bear no other interpretation; though he ſeemed deſirous to aſſume a ſoftneſs in his demeanour which did not ſit eaſy upon him.

As

As for Emily, who had never had a lover before, the ſlighteſt marks of particularity gave her a lively pleaſure which ſhe could not conceal: and as her father, whom ſhe had hitherto implicitly obeyed, had commanded her to look upon Mr. Byron as a man who was very ſoon to be her husband, ſhe ſtrove, by a thouſand little innocent ways, to ſhew the ſatisfaction which ſhe felt at receiving him in that light.

It would have been hardly poſſible for any man except Byron, whoſe heart was ſo ſtrongly attached to Miſs Greville, not to be rouzed by the behaviour of Emily; which, though perfectly modeſt, was of a very inſinuating nature. Her glances were innocently tender, and ſhe perpetually found ſomething to ſay or to do, to oblige her lover. This behaviour, added to the extreme beauty of her little perſon, would have almoſt touched the moſt

inſenſible

inſenſible obſerver of it: but Byron was, on the contrary, ſhocked to ſee ſo many innocent artifices employed in vain. He was quite aſhamed to ſee her riſe to run and fetch him any thing which he wanted, and was ready to bluſh at her frequently taking him by the hand when he was thoughtful, and with the tendereſt anxiety (looking up in his face) aſking him if he was not well.—One afternoon, ſhe even went ſo far as to ſay ſhe wiſhed ſhe could play and ſing to divert him.—"If my dear Miſs Greville "now," ſaid ſhe, "was here, ſhe would "charm you in a moment with her ſweet "voice."

Byron threw down his eyes, and fetched a deep ſigh.—Sir Edward, who had ſpent the beſt part of his time in obſerving them, happened to be then ſpeaking to Mr. Moſtyn: but when he was going away in the evening, he bade his

his nephew make much of his Emily: "For that heart," continued he, "muſt "be hard indeed, which ſo fine a girl "could not inſpire with love."—He only replied with a ſigh and a bow.

Byron ſtrove as much as poſſible to hide his uneaſineſs from any of the Moſtyn family, and took every opportunity to be alone. The letter which Clara had left was delivered to him by Mr. Sherwood, after Sir Edward was gone. He retired with it to a cloſe walk in the garden, that there might be no witneſſes to the emotions which it would, he knew, occaſion. When he was quite out of ſight, he threw himſelf upon the graſs, and gave free courſe to the ſorrows which filled his heart, and which were not a little increaſed by the peruſal of this letter. It gave him, notwithſtanding, a ſatisfaction, to think that he was certainly miſtaken in regard to her

liking

liking another man, as ſhe repeated her promiſe never to marry any man, provided he would conſent to obey his uncle in becoming the husband of Miſs Moſtyn.

"You are going to be obey'd, my "dear, my cruel Clara," cried he aloud, "for you ſtill are mine, if you preſerve "that heart for me which I prefer to "millions."—Here his ſighs ſtopped the articulation of his words. But when he read her fervent wiſhes for his eternal felicity, and the aſſurances ſhe gave him of her conſtant prayers, his tears, and the careſſes which he beſtowed upon her letter, almoſt effaced the writing. There is no ſaying how long he would have continued thus employed, had not Emily, who went in ſearch of him, found him in this mournfully-extatic ſituation. He had but juſt time to thruſt the letter into his boſom—he

could not hide the redneſs of his eyes, which made him unwilling to riſe from the ground, leſt it ſhould be more conſpicuous.

Emily, without a moment's heſitation, ſat down upon the graſs by his ſide, and, taking his hand, aſked him tenderly if any thing had made him out of order:—if ſhe ſhould go and fetch any thing for him to take. He ſtill hung down his head, and complained of a violent pain in it.—The gentle Emily put her little hand, whiter than alabaſter, upon his forehead, and ſaid, "Indeed your eyes "are very hot; do, my dear Mr. Byron, "go in, and let me ſend for ſome ad-"vice for you.—But here's my brother, "he will, I know, join with me in per-"ſuading you."

Byron went in with them, becauſe he could not well reſiſt their importunities, and had indeed no reaſon any longer to feign himſelf ill; for he was ſeized that night

night with a fever, occaſioned partly by the perturbation of his mind, and partly by the frequency of his hurried walks to and from Mr. Sherwood's. He paſſed a very reſtleſs night, oppreſſed by a thouſand melancholy reflections. In the morning he was obliged to ſubmit to the viſit of a neighbouring phyſician.

Young Moſtyn and Emily expreſſed the greateſt concern at his indiſpoſition. The latter ſpent all her time in attending him. She was indeed ſo very aſſiduous, that poor Byron often wiſhed her out of the room: not that there was any other impropriety in Emily's aſſiduous attendance than what aroſe from her ignorance of the cuſtoms from which her ſex, eſpecially the young and handſome, ought never to deviate: and ſhe had no mother, no relation, nor female friend, to accompany her, or to aſſiſt her with their admonitions.—Had her officious care been

about a man who was fond of her perſon, her aſſiduities might have had improper conſequences; for I am afraid that there are but few men who love with ſo much honour and refinement, as to reſiſt the opportunities indiſcreetly given them, and the tender affections ſhewn for them, by a beloved object continually before their eyes.—Miſs Moſtyn would have been more particularly in a critical ſituation, if Byron had really been a lover, and like moſt lovers, ready to ſeize every opportunity to diſcover himſelf the inamorato, in the ſtrongeſt ſenſe of that expreſſive word: for as ſhe was truly enamoured herſelf, and extravagantly fond of him; ignorant alſo of the great impropriety of revealing all her ſenſations upon this occaſion, ſhe ſet no bounds to her tenderneſs, but abſolutely diſtreſſed him with her attentions, and ſolicitude about his recovery. This conſtitutional

ſtitutional fondneſs of her's, added to a deficiency in the powers of pleaſing by converſation, rendered all her endearments childiſh, inſipid, and in the higheſt degree diſguſting.—The moſt paſſionate lover, if he is alſo a man of ſenſe, cannot be always delighted with the toyings of his miſtreſs: they muſt ſoon ſatiate him, and damp his ardour: I believe, if we look round the world, the connections between the two ſexes are the firmeſt and the moſt durable, when the lady's attractions lie more in her manners than her mien; in the variety of her companionable talents, than in the number of her perſonal beauties; the latter, however alluring at firſt, will grow leſs and leſs ſo by poſſeſſion, as the former will, on the contrary, become every day more captivating and attractive.

As poor Miſs Moſtyn had found ſo few opportunities of improving the capa-

city which nature had beſtowed upon her, and had never diſcovered a great inclination to enlarge or to embelliſh it, either by reading, or by converſing with thoſe who were able to inform her of things with which it was highly neceſſary that ſhe ſhould have been acquainted, ſhe made a much worſe figure in Byron's eyes, than ſhe needed to have done. Beſides, the compariſons between her and Clara were ſo very much to her diſadvantage, that Byron almoſt ſunk under the thoughts which they excited in him. Many, many times in a day, did he wiſh that he could place his amiable Miſs Greville in the ſituation of Emily. With what raptures would he have received the ſame tenderneſſes from her with which Emily overpowered him! in what a different manner would ſhe have beſtowed them on him!—One half hour's converſation with her would

have

have been worth whole years with her rival—nay even to have ſeen her ſit by his bed-ſide, looking on him in ſilence, would have made him (he thought at that time) completely happy.

While Byron was thus languiſhing in ſickneſs and ſorrow, Clara was far from being eaſy in town.—The frequent,—the perpetual remembrance of his every look, word, and action, excluded repoſe from her mind. Few women ever loved a man more tenderly than ſhe did Byron, and ſtill fewer could have ſo conquered their inclinations as ſhe had done.—When ſhe related her ſtory to her father, and expatiated on the ſtriking perſon, and amiable qualities of her lover, ſhe increaſed his affection for her. He thanked Heaven, with the greateſt fervour, for having bleſſed him with ſo worthy a child, who had fortitude ſufficient to perform her duty with ſtrictneſs,

at the ſame time that ſhe did the greateſt violence to her inclination. As ſhe had never concealed, in her whole life, the moſt trifling circumſtance from her father, ſhe ſuffered her tears to flow freely before him, for the loſs of her Byron; and as he found that ſhe was never ſo well pleaſed as when ſhe was talking about him, he never prohibited her favourite ſubject, but when he feared that ſhe would injure her health by dwelling too long upon it —Her ſpirits were already greatly hurt by the ſacrifice which ſhe had made of duty to love; and her kind father ſtruck out a variety of amuſements to diſſipate her melancholy ideas, and to turn her attention to new objects.

The young gentleman who came up in the ſtage with her, and who had been of real ſervice to her, by protecting her from the inſolence of their companion, had

had called the following morning, when Byron ſaw him enter Mr. Greville's houſe, to know how his daughter did after her fright: and upon receiving many acknowledgments from Mr. Greville, on the occaſion, had intreated his permiſſion to pay his reſpects to them ſometimes. This requeſt ſeeming both polite and reaſonable, Mr. Greville granted it with pleaſure. By often ſeeing Clara, therefore, he became more and more charmed with her converſation, notwithſtanding the melancholy which always hung over her. From being charmed with her as a companion, he ſoon felt ſofter ſenſations riſing in his breaſt; but as he always ſaw her penſive and dejected, he naturally imagined that ſomething very ſingular had happened, to throw ſo unuſual a gloom over the countenance of a fine girl in the prime of life. He was not intimate enough

in the family, to venture to take notice of what he obſerved; and yet, as his paſſion made a rapid progreſs, it ſoon mocked all his efforts to conceal it. He often attempted to aſk, as a friend, the cauſe of her apparent uneaſineſs, but was either over-awed by her reſerve to him, when they were alone, or prevented by the dread of being deemed impertinently curious. Mr. Greville, he knew, could inform him, but he rather choſe to make the lady firſt acquainted with his love, than to obtain a compulſive conſent from her, through obedience to her father upon ſo intereſting an occaſion.

Tired out at length with waiting for a favourable moment, and not finding it, he opened his heart to Mr. Greville, and diſcovered ſo ſincere a regard for Clara, and ſo much frankneſs in the diſcloſure of his circumſtances, (which were far ſuperior to Mr. Greville's expectations

pectations for his daughter) that he told him fairly he wiſhed he had ſeen his daughter before her affections had been engaged. "But," continued he, "as there is very little probability of her "ever being happy with the man of her "choice, I will ſay every thing I can "think of to her in your favour, Sir."

Mr. Emerſon thanked him very much for the kind reception he had given to him, and waited patiently to receive his doom from him.

Mr. Greville, agreeably to his promiſe, immediately uſed all the arguments he was maſter of, to prevail on Clara to look upon Mr. Emerſon as a lover; at leaſt to permit his viſits, as a friend: imagining, that by imperceptible degrees he might at laſt ſteal into her good opinion: but her heart was too much engroſſed by Byron, and the promiſe ſhe had made to him was too

firmly rooted in her mind to ſuffer the admiſſion of another lover. She told her father that ſhe never could, in adequate terms, acknowledge the care with which he conſulted her future welfare, and to promote her happineſs; but at the ſame time aſſured him, that ſhe could never look upon Mr. Emerſon in the light he wiſhed. "I think there-"fore, Sir," continued ſhe, "it will be "better to be quite explicit with him at "once, that he may not form hopes, "if he really is in earneſt, which cannot "be indulged."

When Mr. Greville found his daughter reſolute, and perceived that the company of Emerſon rather increaſed her diſquietude, as ſhe was now no ſtranger to his motives, he diſmiſſed him in the civilleſt manner he could; though not without ſome concern, as he had conceived an high opinion of him, and

wiſhed

wiſhed to ſee his Clara well married during his life: but as (unlike the generality of fathers) he rather choſe to ſee her married with her inclination, and with a competency, than tied to the object of her averſion, in the moſt affluent circumſtances, he left her to act as ſhe thought proper in the affair; in return for which paternal kindneſs, ſhe always gave him the ſtrongeſt proofs of the ſincereſt filial affection and reſpect.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, though they both correſponded with Clara and her father, were both of opinion that it would be more prudent to conceal Byron's illneſs, than to mention it. The leſs, they thought, ſaid about him, the better. So that, by their diſcretion, Clara remained ignorant of what would have indeed filled her with the moſt torturing anxiety if ſhe had known it.

As

As ſoon as Byron was tolerably recovered, Sir Edward, who had been very precipitate in accelerating matters, informed him that every thing was ready. Scarce any news could have been more diſagreeable to Byron, but he was obliged to ſubmit. For ſome time, however, he pleaded want of health, but in vain; for Sir Edward told him, that the careſſes of ſuch a lovely bride were the moſt ſalutary things in the world; and would hear of no delays.

On the morning of that day which was deſtined to ſnatch him from all the proſpects of felicity, he appeared, dreſſed for the ſacrifice, with all the graces which could be thrown into an human form, except thoſe which ariſe from the features of the complexion: for an extreme paleneſs ſickened his countenance, and an air of dejection overſpread it. But pale and dejected as he was, his

whole figure ſtruck all beholders: it inſpired them with ſentiments of eſteem, and with compaſſionate ſenſations; and every creature who ſaw him, ſaw him with the moſt favourable eyes. His behaviour was, on that day, what it had ever been to Miſs Moſtyn, gentle, mild, civil, but not tender. As to her, ſhe was, in figure, a complete little beauty, a pocket Venus: and, merely by the force of perſon alone, ſhone ſo much in the eyes of Sir Edward, that he abſolutely made love for his nephew, and ſeemed more than once to think himſelf the bridegroom: but Emily, though very obliging to her new uncle, was not at all neglectful of her dear Byron, who was under a neceſſity of urging an indiſpoſition to get rid of her well-meant fondneſſes and importunities.

The End of the Second Book.

THE HISTORY OF Mr. Byron and Miſs Greville.

BOOK III.

THE new-married couple were by agreement to ſpend the remainder of the ſummer at Mr. Moſtyn's; and then to go to a houſe about five miles diſtant from Sir Edward's, which he had purchaſed, and upon this occaſion ſettled upon his nephew.

Among

Among the number of viſitors who reſorted to the Wood, upon this apparently-joyful wedding, were the ladies with whom Miſs Greville had been ſo deſirous to bring Emily acquainted, in hopes that they would engage her brother's attention. They were the wife and daughters of a whole-ſale grocer in the city, who had married his eldeſt girl to a man of quality: which marriage had rather given an extravagant way of thinking to the reſt of the family: I mean, the female part of it, and made Miſs Henrietta and Miſs Nancy imagine that they had as indubitable pretenſions to expect lords for their husbands, as their eldeſt ſiſter; as they well knew that their father could give them equal fortunes. But whether this man of faſhion had diſcovered that his new-made lady underſtood the art of ſquandering, and ſpent as much as ſhe brought, and

had

had insinuated the secret into the ears of his brother-peers; or whether there happened to be at that time no needy men of rank who had the happiness of being acquainted with this family's passion for quality; no personage, entitled to a coronet, had yet addressed Miss Ingot and her sister.

The father of these young ladies, who imagined that there might possibly be as much real felicity in the possession of a large fortune, as in the sound of a title, knew that his neighbour Mr. Mostyn had a very pretty estate, and a son who was heir to it. He therefore, like a prudent man, conjectured that an alliance with the Mostyns might be full as desirable, as connections with a coronet: not so conjectured Mrs. Ingot: for she, having derived her existence from the chaste embraces of a wealthy soap-boiler and the daughter of a cheesemonger,

whose

whoſe united families ſhe now moſt cordially deſpiſed, though ſhe inherited a large fortune from them, poſitively declared, that as ſhe had been ſo much uſed to talk to and of my Lady Flimſey, ſhe really could not endure to pronounce plain Mrs. ſuch-a-one.

By conceiving alſo a violent averſion to the pronunciation of her own name by others, undiſtinguiſhed from the vulgar, ſhe had violently teazed her husband to purchaſe at leaſt a Baronetage. "If "the King," ſaid Mr. Ingot, one day, when he was cloſely preſſed, "thinks "fit to make a Sir of me, why well and "good. I won't grudge the fees, not I, "though I think the ſaucy jacks in "office about the court make one pay "more for it than it is worth. But I "have no notion of buying honour, not "I: dry ground is worth a hundred titles. "Beſides, Beſs," continued he, "in my "mind,

"mind, now, when I have done no-
"thing to deſerve this ſame title, it will
"be but a mere empty ſound, child; and
"even lords are become ſo common now-
"a-days, that they are more than thirteen
"to the dozen: if I was to be drank to
"for ſheriff, or to go up with an addreſs
"now, why I might accept of it hand-
"ſomely enough."

"Poo, poo," cried Mrs. Ingot, "you
"have no notion at all of doing things
"handſomely; if you had, you would
"never have bought an eſtate in ſuch a
"diſmal corner of the world, where
"there is not a creature of any faſhion
"to ſpeak to."

"Faſhion!" replied he, "I don't
"know what you mean by faſhion; I
"think Mr. Moſtyn's family is faſhion-
"able enough; I am ſure they are very
"civil neighbourly people."

"Why,

"Why, indeed," cried ſhe, "they are "the only tolerable family near us; but "if we had lived among a few people "of quality, it would have been more "agreeable; and then Miſs Ingot might "have had a chance to captivate ſome "men of faſhion, as well as Lady "Flimſey.

"Captivate a fiddleſtick," replied he peeviſhly;" "No, no, 'twas my guineas "captivated him, I believe, and not any "charms he ſaw in the girl. No, no, "wife, theſe men of faſhion as you call "them, want money more than you are "aware; but I ſhall not let all my caſh "run to the other end of the town, nei- "ther. I think, if I can ſee clear, that "the young ſquire at the Wood has a "kind of hankering after Henny; "and as to little Nancy, why I have "long deſigned her for my neighbour

"Caſh's

"Cash's nephew, the great ſoap-boiler "in the next lane."

"Mercy on me!" ſaid Mrs. Ingot, "will you never know any better? and "are all the pains I have taken with you "to no purpoſe? You know I hate to "hear you call the girls by thoſe vulgar "names. When do you hear me ſay "any thing but Miſs Ingot, now her "ſiſter is my lady; or Miſs Henrietta, "and Miſs Ann? I proteſt you put me "quite out of countenance with your "low appellations; and the poor chil-"dren declare they are ready to die "with ſhame, whenever you ſpeak to "them before company."

"How, how,—what!" cried Mr. Ingot in a hurry, "what, die with ſhame at "their own father's behaviour to them? "that's a little ſtrange, though, me-"thinks, madam; and muſt be occaſi-"oned by your ridiculous method of

"educating

"educating them; but, indeed, you "have taught them ſo many fantaſtical "airs, and crammed their heads with "ſuch nonſenſe about people of quality, "and faſhion, and ſuch ſtuff, that I may "think myſelf happy to get them off at "all: men want the caſh, 'tis true, but "wives are ſo plaguy expenſive, that, "pox on it, if I don't believe a man loſes "by marrying a woman with money, "except ſhe has a coal-pit, or ſome ſuch "buſineſs.—Why now there's my "girls; why ſay what you will, they "have not one uſeful quality. Let me "be d——d, if I know any thing they "can do, but go tinkling about the houſe "all day with a guitar, and play at---what "do you call it? brag and loo all the "evening." "And pray what would you "have them do?" ſaid Mrs. Ingot, reddening with anger. "Young ladies "of their fortunes are not to be brought

"up

" up like chamber-maids. I have taken
" care to accompliſh them in every thing
" that is proper for their ſtation, and
" ſhould not be aſhamed to ſhew my
" daughters with any body. Miſs Ingot
" ſings Italian with as much execution
" as ever I heard at any private concert,
" and Miſs Anne dances a ſtage dance
" better than any of Gallini's ſcholars."

" Fine qualifications, fine qualifica-
" tions!" cried Mr. Ingot," lifting up his hands, " to breed them up for the ſtage.
" The Lord have mercy upon the men
" who marry them, I ſay; and in truth
" I believe my ſon Flimſey is of my
" mind; for I am pretty certain that Bett
" plays high. Eh, faith! ſhe has got
" your ſpirit, my dear; ſhe will ſpend all
" ſhe brings, take my word for it."

" God deliver me, replied Mrs. Ingot,
" did ever any mortal but yourſelf call
" a Viſcounteſs Bett?—Really, Mr. Ingot,

" you

"you are enough to make one ſick to "hear you talk."

"Why, what a plague," ſaid he, "mayn't I call my own daughter what "I pleaſe? Beſides, is not her name "Bett? and ſhe will be Bett to the end "of the chapter, if ſhe was a Dutcheſs."

Mrs. Ingot, finding that ſhe could not, at that time, make any polite impreſſions upon her ſpouſe, left him to enjoy his plebeian notions by himſelf, and prudently retired to finiſh the improvement of the young ladies, and to caution them againſt the adoption of any of their father's vulgariſms.

Mr. Ingot, though not quite ſo poliſhed as his lady, was not abſolutely out in his conjectures in regard to young Moſtyn, who, as he had now loſt all hopes of Miſs Greville, began to think Miſs Ingot a fine girl; and the frequent opportunities he had of ſeeing her, pro-

duced an inclination in him, which ſhe ſoon diſcerned, and was not a little ſolicitous to improve it; though ſhe deſpiſed him in her heart, becauſe he was not poſſeſſed of a title—But as ſhe had no lover when ſhe came into the country, ſhe thought it was better to flirt with him than nobody; being ſomewhat of the opinion of the renowned Knight of La Mancha (though I dare ſwear ſhe had never read his matchleſs atchievements) that as the Hero of a romance without a miſtreſs is like a tree without leaves, a lady without a lover was rather more prepoſterous. She therefore gave this young gentleman all proper encouragement; and as he had already diſcovered himſelf not to be illuminated with the deepeſt penetration, he really imagined that ſhe had been ſmitten with his perſon, though it, in fact, had very few attractions. As to her's, it was far from being

being contemptible. She was tall, well enough made, had a pair of fine eyes, which ſhe knew perfectly how to employ. Her muſical talents, ſo much inſiſted on by her mother, were tolerable, and would have procured her higher panegyrics, if they had not been vaſtly overrated. She was exceſſively vain both of her perſon and her muſick; and as ſhe knew that her father could give her a large fortune, ſhe was determined to enjoy it to the ſummit of her wiſhes. In every reſpect was ſhe ſo very different from Miſs Greville, that it was not a little ſurprizing that a man who had ever loved the one, could be in the leaſt allured by the other. But Moſtyn was young, idle, and had no other woman near him who made ſo good an appearance all together as Miſs Ingot; or in ſhort, who put herſelf ſo much in his way. And where is the young fellow free from any attach-

ment, and deſtitute of ſelf-amuſement, who can reſiſt the ſnares which a handſome girl throws out for his addreſſes?

As Miſs Ingot was entirely void of Miſs Greville's delicacy, Moſtyn found himſelf quite eaſy with her. He was neither awe-ſtruck by her looks, or tongue-tied by her converſation. The advances which ſhe made to him, authorized his freedoms, with which ſhe permitted him to treat her, and after a very ſhort acquaintance, he abruptly declared himſelf her lover. Pleaſed to have thus caught him, ſhe affected, however, a violent ſurprize, and received his declaration with an aſſumed laugh of contempt, which, at firſt, greatly diſconcerted him. She told him that ſhe had not the leaſt idea of his being ſerious; that her father might have already diſpoſed of her, for aught ſhe knew; that, were ſhe not obliged to give her hand to the perſon

whom

whom her father choſe for her, ſhe ſhould prefer her dear liberty to every thing; and that ſhe could not be prevailed upon to reſign that to any man, without the moſt extreme regret. Though ſhe talked in this kind of forbidding ſtyle, her eyes contradicted her lips, and ſhe played them off with ſo much art, that poor Moſtyn ſoon became intoxicated with her, and deſired her leave to aſk her father's conſent:—but ſhe put him off from time to time, in order to ſhew her ſiſter, and a few inferior girls in the neighbourhood, her power over him, and to keep herſelf alſo in readineſs for a match of greater conſequence. He was not long, however, in ſuſpence; for Mr. Ingot, who had a ſtrong deſire to join Mr. Moſtyn's eſtate to his, as they lay, he ſaid, ſo pure convenient, without mentioning a ſyllable either to his wife or daughter, ſoon went to his neighbour,

and offered his girl at once with ſuch a ſum, on condition that he would make over a ſuitable part of his eſtate to his ſon; to which propoſal Mr. Moſtyn did not care to ſtart any objection. He then went directly and told Miſs Ingot, that ſhe muſt prepare to receive Mr. Moſtyn as a man who was to be her husband.

This young lady, though ſhe neither liked nor diſliked the young gentleman, did not chuſe to hear him forced upon her, and told her mother of her father's arbitrary proceeding in this affair. Mrs. Ingot was by no means pleaſed with her daughter's intelligence, merely becauſe ſhe had not been firſt conſulted; for though ſhe governed often with a high hand in ſmall matters, in affairs of conſequence ſhe had, more than once, found that Mr. Ingot would be maſter. However, ſhe went and exerted all the authority ſhe could aſſume upon this occaſion,

and

and informed him plainly that ſhe would never give her conſent to Miſs Ingot's marrying any thing under a baronet at leaſt. The honeſt grocer only whiſtled a reply :—the lady, therefore, was obliged to return to her daughter, whom ſhe comforted, by telling her, that very poſſibly after old Mr. Moſtyn's death, his ſon might be prevailed upon to purchaſe a barony.

The beautiful Henrietta made up a lip at this hint of her mother's, and then, turning haſtily back, ſaid, "Well, "if I am brought to take him, I will "inſiſt upon having a larger number of "jewels than I can wear. He ſhall ſub-"ſcribe for me to Carliſle; I will have "more crowded routs than Lady Hur-"ricane, and will poſitively play unli-"mited loo."

After having thus fixed upon the moſt agreeable plan for a domeſtic life, Miſs

Ingot repaired to her toilet, to dreſs for the reception of her lover, having firſt rung for her maid to bring her laſt new ſet of Italian curls, as there was, unfortunately, no *accommodeur* in that part of the country: a circumſtance which made her recollect that it would be abſolutely neceſſary for her to have a *friſeur* always in the houſe, to keep her head in order, and to attend her whenever ſhe happened to be out of town.

While ſhe was thus ranging in her mind the neceſſary articles which conſtitute the felicity of a new-married lady, that ſhe might inſiſt upon having them agreed to by her future husband, Mrs. Ingot congratulated herſelf on having brought up her girls with a ſpirit calculated to introduce them properly into high life.

Young Moſtyn, blind to the foibles of the fair Henrietta, received the news of her

her being to be ſoon his with the moſt conſummate ſatisfaction; agreed to every thing which ſhe thought proper to demand; and joyfully attended her to all the races, aſſemblies, and balls, round the country, to which they were accompanied by Miſs Anne Ingot, and the beautiful Mrs. Byron, who having no other tutoreſs of her own ſex than the ſpirited Mrs. Ingot, aſſiſted by her ſpirited daughters, too ſoon, too ſtrongly imbibed all their notions of life.

Byron, though his whole ſoul was ſtill engroſſed by his amiable Clara, and though he could never love any other woman, treated his wife with the greateſt good-humour and civility; and endeavoured to acquire that tenderneſs for her which was now, he thought, become her due. He was conſcious himſelf that he felt no real affection for her, but ſo proper was his behaviour to her, that

neither ſhe nor any other perſon imagined that he was not thoroughly ſatisfied with his conjugal ſituation.

Mrs. Byron admired the perſon of her husband, and loved him, as ſhe fancied, extremely; but his ſerious, ſenſible converſation had few charms for her: the unimproved ſtate of her mind prevented her from admiring what he ſaid, as much as it deſerved. She toyed, ſhe trifled with him by the hour; but as he had no turn for ſuch ſort of ſociety, no inclination for ſuch domeſtic amuſements (tho' he ſometimes complied with her humour out of complaiſance) he ſtrove to inſpire her with a taſte for reading and muſic, and frequently, while he conducted her to the moſt pleaſant walks round about the country, pointed out the moſt agreeable picturesque views; endeavoured to make her reliſh the delightful ſcenes with which he himſelf was ſtruck;

to

to make her join with him in beholding with admiration the various, the numberleſs beauties of nature; and to exalt her mind above the trifling pleaſures and diverſions in which too many of her ſex ſpend their time, to which they indeed devote all their attention. But his endeavours to improve her were thrown away. Her brother's approaching alliance with Miſs Ingot, made an intimacy with her almoſt unavoidable; and the Ingots, unfortunately for Emily, by carrying her with them to all the public places within their reach, put her into the way to be admired. The men, charmed with a new object, which was really extremely beautiful, followed her; —though, ſetting aſide her beauty, the novelty of her firſt appearance, added to her innocent ignorance, would have drawn on her flattery enough to have turned the head of a young perſon with

a much better underſtanding, and a more finiſhed education. A conſciouſneſs of her own attractions, and a violent paſſion for being diſtinguiſhed, were the immediate conſequences of her new ſtyle of life. She was ſurrounded perpetually by groupes of young fellows, ſome of them almoſt as handſome as Byron, tho' none of them were poſſeſſed of his amiable manners and elegant accompliſhments; but as ſhe had no reliſh for the refined part of her husband's character, ſhe generally preferred the parties of pleaſure propoſed to her, to his company.

Byron, as he pitied his wife, though he could not love her, cautioned her in the kindeſt, gentleſt manner againſt running too blindly and eagerly into the fooliſh gaieties of the faſhionable world. —But a fine face and a vacant mind hurried her on to the purſuit of what is commonly called Pleaſure. Sir Edward, indeed,

deed, was the firſt perſon who awakened in his new niece a ſenſe of her charms, of which, till he made her conſequential in her own eyes, ſhe was as ignorant as ſhe could well be. He had a very high idea of beauty, and was of an amorous complexion; and as he had chiefly gratified the ſoft paſſion among the looſer part of the ſex, his manner of behaviour to women had a groſſneſs, an indelicacy in it, which would have been very ſhocking to a well-educated girl; but Emily was too raw to ſee the impropriety of his ſpeeches, (for he went no farther) and too agreeably flattered with his encomiums upon her perſon to be offended with him.

While this very young lady was thus heedleſsly running into every fooliſh exceſs in the purſuit of diverſion, her huſband paſſed his hours very differently.—He tried to love his wife, and to make her

her comprehend that all his cares about her were for her happineſs: but the dear image of Miſs Greville was ever in the eye of his imagination.

The great oppoſition in the characters of Clara and Emily, made the former appear with double advantage. Every moment which he could ſpend alone, was dedicated to the tendereſt reflections on the virtues of that amiable girl. Charmed with her perſonal attractions, tranſported with her natural agreeableneſſes, and acquired accompliſhments, he bitterly lamented his hard fate, which had deſtined him to linger out a matrimonial life without a woman ſo deſervedly dear to him, and obliged him not only to give her up, but made it his duty to endeavour to forget her; to give his heart to another, ſo very much her inferior, at the ſame time that he knew ſhe loved him, and knew

that

that her exquiſite ſenſibility might render her ſupremely wretched.

Mr. Moſtyn, after he was happily united to Miſs Ingot, and had with his bride received the viſits of their neighbours upon the joyful occaſion, prepared to hurry to town into genteel ready furniſhed lodgings till he could get a houſe fitted up for his lady's reception, not far from Lady Flimſey's, whom Mrs. Moſtyn was determined to out-ſhine by the ſuperior brilliancy of her jewels, and the exquiſite enamel of her vis-à-vis.

As Mrs. Byron had never yet ſeen London, ſhe was ſeized with a violent inclination to accompany her brother and ſiſter to that buſy metropolis, and the centre of ſplendid gaiety, in which Mrs. Moſtyn and Miſs Ingot had aſſured her that ſhe would be deliciouſly engaged in a round of ſweet diverſions from morning to night.

Byron had no houſe in town. He was preparing to take poſſeſſion of that which his uncle had purchaſed for him, ſituated between his own and the Wood, though much nearer to the former than the latter; he therefore told his wife that it would be highly improper for her to leave the country, as he had no houſe at London, but muſt, in caſe of a journey thither, go into lodgings, before he had even taken poſſeſſion of the new habitation which his uncle had ſo kindly preſented to him, and at which he now impatiently expected him to ſettle. "I "have ſtayed," continued he, "longer "with your father, in order to give you "the pleaſure of being at your brother's "marriage; and I flatter myſelf that "you will not now think it too ſoon to "become miſtreſs of my family."

He accompanied this little refuſal, which was couched in the mildeſt terms, with

with ſeveral endearing perſuaſions, which, though he took pains with himſelf to make them appear ſo, had not the deſired effect upon her. She pouted, for the firſt time, ſhe pouted at him, ſat ſullenly ſilent, and at length burſt into tears. He ſeemed not to obſerve her childiſh concern, till it grew too obvious to be overlooked: Then taking her by the hand, "Come, Emily," ſaid he, "don't make yourſelf uneaſy, my dear. "I fondly imagined that you loved me "too ſincerely to be diſpleaſed with my "company any where. Beſides, you "have a new, and very pleaſant home "to go to, where you will reign miſtreſs "of that and me. The parting of friends "is, I know, painful at the time, but "they will come and ſpend a week or "two with us; and in return, we will go "to town in the ſpring, and make them "a viſit. Won't this ſcheme content

"you,

"you, my Emily?"—She made no reply, no audible one, but left the room, and went directly to her ſiſter Moſtyn, and told her that ſhe was a very wretched creature. "Mr. Byron, ſaid ſhe, won't "let me go to London."

"Won't let you go, child!" replied her ſiſter; "I ſhould be extremely glad to "hear Mr. Moſtyn ſay any thing of that "nature to me:—but I fancy he will "take care not to attempt it. I think, "he dares not venture at that ſort of "language."

"I don't know," cried Emily, "what "he will venture to ſay. My brother "uſed to be very good-humoured; I "never ſaw him in a paſſion but once, "and that was about Mr. Byron and Miſs "Greville; but if he ſhould ſay any "ſuch thing now to you, how could you "help it? If he ſhould contradict you "in

" in any thing you had a mind to do,
" what would you ſay to him?"

" Oh!" cried Mrs. Moſtyn, laughing,
" thou art a mere novice, Emily;—why
" tell him, to be ſure, at once, that I
" would do what I liked, and that I
" ſhould not care whether he liked it or
" not."

" Lord! Lord! it is eaſy talking," ſaid Mrs. Byron; —" but when he ſpoke
" kindly to you, and took you by the
" hand, and kiſſed you, and perſuaded
" you"—

" Well," replied Mrs. Moſtyn, " and
" do you think I ſhould be ſuch a fool as
" to mind all that? Do you think I
" would be wheedled out of my ſenſes
" by any man in England, eſpecially by
" a husband?—No, no, my dear, I
" know better."

"Well, but then do, my dear ſiſter," ſaidEmily, " tell me what I muſt ſay, and

" how

"how I muſt bring Mr. Byron to let me
"go to London with you."

"Why really," ſaid Mrs. Moſtyn, "I
"can't well give you a ſpecimen of my
"management, becauſe I don't believe
"that there is one thing on earth, as I
"ſaid before, that Mr. Moſtyn would or
"could refuſe me:—but I know, if he
"ſhould take ſuch ridiculous fancies
"into his head, I ſhould, at firſt, be very
"high; and if that did'nt do—why
"then I believe I ſhould have recourſe
"to tears;—nothing ſoftens a man ſo
"much, eſpecially if he is weak enough
"to love one.—I am acquainted with a
"lady in town who carries all her points
"with her husband only by tears."

"I have cried," replied Emily, "cried
"heartily, but not on purpoſe; I cried
"becauſe I was monſtrouſly vexed."

"And what effect had your tears
"upon him?"

"Lord,

"Lord, none at all.—I told you, he "tried to perſuade me to go to Fir-grove "with him, and ſtay there till ſpring."

"So you have agreed to become ſuch "a tame-pigeon, have you, child? and "are to do as you are bid?—But you are "a little ſimpleton, Mrs. Byron; and if "I was in your place, I would tell him, "that with the large fortune which I "brought, I imagined I had a right to "expect ſome pleaſure, as well as he; "and that if he pretended to govern "me, he ſhould not find it ſo eaſy a "matter, for I would have my own "way; and if he didn't like it, he might "go and look for conſolation from his "favourite Miſs Greville."

"Lord!" cried Emily, "I don't be-"lieve he ever ſees Miſs Greville now."

"That's no matter—we all know that "he has liked her; and whether he does "or not, it will vex him to be told of it:

"and,

"and, perhaps, he will then let you go,
"in order to hear no more of it."

"Well, I will try,—but I can't bear
"to vex him too much, becauſe I love
"him;—he is ſo handſome, ſo mild, and
"ſo good-humoured in every thing but
"this, that I—"

"Oh! if you are fooliſh enough to be
"fond of him, it is all over with you.
"You will be for ever in leading ſtrings,
"take my word for it."

The entrance of Mr. Moſtyn put an end to the wholeſome advice which his bride was ſo cordially giving to his ſiſter: Emily ran back to her husband, to put in execution the choice directions which ſhe had juſt received.

Byron made uſe of every ſoothing art he was maſter of, to perſuade his wife to go with him to his own dwelling, but to no purpoſe. Agreeably to the plan which her ſiſter had formed for her, ſhe wept,

ſhe

ſhe fretted, and accuſed him of wanting affection for her; and at laſt ſaid, "If "you had married Clara, you would not "have treated her ſo."

Byron, ſtung to the heart with this reproach, which he ſo little deſerved, was at firſt, tempted to make a reply which might at once have ſilenced Emily; but his refined underſtanding, and excellent heart, immediately prompted him to conſider, that warm and haſty replies inflame matters, and generally make things worſe. He only therefore coolly anſwered, "I muſt intreat you, madam, "never to mention Miſs Greville to me. "You might have been under incon-"ceivable obligations to her, had you "known how to make a proper uſe of "her friendſhip for you."—With theſe words he left her.—She went immediately to her ſiſter, told her that ſhe had followed her directions, and would

now

now go to London with her, whether Mr. Byron liked it or not.

When Byron found that Emily was determined to go at all events, though nothing could be more diſagreeable to him than leaving the country, he very juſtly thought that to give up ſo young, ſo beautiful a creature entirely to her own management, or, what was ſtill worſe, to the tuition of her brother's wife, would be the height of cruelty; and that a neglect of that nature would be unpardonable in him, both as a husband and as a friend; he therefore reſolved to accompany her, though inclination ſtrongly revolted againſt the journey.—Before his departure however from the Wood, he rode over to Sir Edward's, to try if he could prevail on him to perſuade her to go home with him to Fir-grove.—Sir Edward very compoſedly replied, that he ſhould not interfere in their matrimonial

debates.

debates. "You'll find it," ſaid the Knight, "a deviliſh knotty affair to "keep ſuch a handſome little toad to "yourſelf.—As you was not over fond "of her at firſt, I thought you might "be tired of her by this time. But if "you want a girl, there are enough to "be had;—ſuch a well-made young "raſcal as you can never want a miſtreſs."

Byron, ſtill more ſhocked at his uncle's reply than at his wife's reſolution, quitted him full of diſcontent, and applied to Mr. Moſtyn to talk to Emily: but in applying to him he met with ſtill leſs ſatisfaction; for he had been ſo accuſtomed to humour her from a child, that he could refuſe her nothing.—The leaſt diſcovery of her inclination, or the dropping of a few tears, was always ſufficient to gain her point.

Before they left the Wood, Byron went to take leave of Mr. and Mrs. Sher-

wood, whom he had not ſeen for ſeveral days, and was ſurprized to find them in deep mourning, and in great affliction.—As Miſs Greville was ever uppermoſt in his thoughts, he trembled while he enquired into the cauſe of the change in their dreſs, and of the viſible dejection in their countenances: he was afraid that the death of that amiable girl had occaſioned both their dreſs and their dejection; but they ſoon diſmiſſed his fears by telling him that ſhe had loſt her father. But upon farther enquiries, a new train of fears poſſeſſed him, when he diſcovered, in ſpite of all their efforts to conceal her melancholy ſituation, that Mr. Greville had only been able to leave her a ſcanty ſubſiſtence.—"That however," ſaid Mr. Sherwood, "is the ſmalleſt part of her diſtreſs:—ſhe loved "her father fondly; and the loſs of ſo "indulgent a parent, ſo kind a pro-

"tector,

" tector, is a blow almoſt too ſevere for " her to ſupport."

At the cloſe of this diſagreeable relation, which he drew from them by his tender enquiries, his heart bled within him. Filled with the ſincereſt concern for the undeſerved ſufferings of his Clara, he broke out into the moſt pathetic complaints. After having given a looſe to his grief, which he neither could, nor endeavoured to reſtrain, he turned to Mr. Sherwood, with weeping eyes, and ſighing, ſaid, " Oh! tell me, Sir, " in what manner I may be moſt ſervice- " able to your amiable niece, without " offending her delicacy, or awakening " her ſenſibility. I have that true, that " tender regard for her peace, and that " real reſpect for her character, that I " would rather die than do either.—But " to live in affluence myſelf, and to " know that ſhe, the dear angelic girl, is

" in any ſhape diſtreſſed, ſhocks me be-
" yond expreſſion. Perhaps, Mr. Sher-
" wood, through your hands, through
" the hands of an uncle and a friend, I
" might ſecretly convey ſomething to-
" wards making her ſituation more eaſy
" to her.—Oh, that my cruel fortune
" had not denied me the ſupreme hap-
" pineſs of contributing in every ſenſe
" to her felicity! But ſince I am de-
" prived even of that bleſſing, do not re-
" fuſe me the laſt ſatisfaction that is left
" for me."

He ſtopped: he watched the looks of Mr. Sherwood, to ſee how he received a propoſal which he could not hinder himſelf from making, though he was in an agony, for fear it ſhould be miſinterpreted or ill received.

This worthy Clergyman, who did honour to his order, by his good ſenſe and his humanity, ſaw the confuſion and concern

cern of Byron, and preſſing him by the hand, ſaid, "My worthy young friend, "you are, I am ſure, already aware of "the impropriety, of what you have pro-"poſed: yet nothing leſs than ſuch a "generous propoſal could I expect from "Mr. Byron:—but the ſincere regard "which has warmed your heart to make "ſo well intended an offer towards pro-"moting her happineſs, will, I am cer-"tain, upon a moment's reflection, con-"vince you of the impoſſibility of its "taking the effect intended by you.— "If the malicious world, ever ready, "ever eager to throw out the moſt cruel "aſperſions againſt people in diſtreſs, "could be kept ignorant of, or ſilent "upon the ſubject of your benevolence; "would Miſs Greville, think you, as ſhe "now is, ſubmit to the acceptance of "ſuch a favour from a man who has "profeſſed himſelf her lover? Nay,

" would you wiſh to revive every tender
" ſentiment in a boſom which has already
" been but too ſenſible of your merit?
" Let theſe reflections, or any other of
" your own, more to the point, my dear
" Mr. Byron, prompt you to drop im-
" mediately, all thoughts of a deſign
" which, from its being the reſult of the
" extreme goodneſs of your heart, muſt
" be rationally abandoned.—Let Clara
" forget that there ever was ſuch a per-
" ſon as the generous, the amiable Mr.
" Byron; or let her never remember
" him, but to pray devoutly for his en-
" joying all the happineſs which he aſ-
" ſuredly deſerves."

Byron felt the whole force of this reply; and the propriety of it: but at the propriety of it ſighed, and graſping the pious paſtor's hand, quitted, in mute ſorrow, his houſe.

When

When he returned home, with his head and heart full of Clara, a thouſand ſchemes preſented themſelves to his imagination; and were rejected as ſoon as formed. After having paſſed a reſtleſs night, with ſhort, confuſed, and interrupted ſlumbers, he roſe, wretched and unrefreſhed. Soon after breakfaſt he was informed by his ſervant, that Sir Charles Wilmot was come to wait upon him.

Sir Charles was a young man of faſhion, about thirty; not very handſome, but extremely agreeable, both in his perſon and manners.—There had been a friendſhip between his family and the Byrons, of a very long ſtanding. He was a ſingle man, poſſeſſed of an eaſy fortune, and was of a much more lively turn than Byron.—He accoſted him with the freedom of an old acquaintance; but obſerving immediately his melancholy

air, told him that he hoped nothing had happened to diſconcert him.——Sir Charles had heard, in general terms, that Mrs. Byron was not the woman of his choice; but as he had ſeen him ſeveral times ſince his marriage, tolerably chearful, he was inclined to imagine that he had entirely conquered his firſt inclination.

Byron, whoſe heart was too heavy to permit him to diſguiſe his feelings from Sir Charles, took him into the garden, and related to him, though not without ſome difficulty, the progreſs of his paſſion for Miſs Greville, from the beginning to the preſent moment. He concluded with painting her diſtreſsful circumſtances in the moſt pathetic manner, and his own inability to relieve her, merely from the nature of his ſituation.

Sir Charles, who well knew Byron's integrity; who had alſo heard his ſiſter

ſpeak

ſpeak of Miſs Greville as a moſt amiable and accompliſhed girl, after having pauſed a few moments, ſaid, "I have a "thought juſt come into my head, that "may poſſibly be of ſervice to you in "this affair: my ſiſter, in the laſt excur-"ſion ſhe made to town, met your Clara "at the houſe of an old acquaintance, "to whom ſhe was come upon an after-"noon's viſit; and was ſo pleaſed with "her voice and taſte in ſinging and "playing; with her amiable diffidence "and good ſenſe, for ſo ſhe deſcribed "her to me at her return, that we both "lamented the blindneſs and ill-nature "of Sir Edward, in making you give "up ſo fine a girl: though I never men-"tioned this to you before, becauſe I "would not revive diſagreeable ideas. "But now I think, if we can, in any "way, contrive that Miſs Greville may "live with my ſiſter, the connection

" may give them both a great deal of
" pleaſure, and be advantageous to the
" former; I mean, (ſeeing Byron look
" earneſtly at him) that Miſs Greville
" will be on the footing of a young lady
" whoſe company my ſiſter deſires, and
" whoſe friendſhip ſhe wiſhes to enjoy."

" This, dear Wilmot," ſaid Byron,
" has a probable appearance. Lady Bin-
" ly is, I know, the beſt kind of
" woman in the world; her charming
" ſprightlineſs would enliven my poor
" Clara: but what right have you to
" imagine that my lady will be pleaſed
" with ſuch a ſcheme?"

" Becauſe," replied Sir Charles, " I
" heard her ſay, but a few days ago, that
" as the winter was approaching, ſhe
" wiſhed ſhe had an agreeable female
" friend who liked a country life, which
" has hitherto been her choice ſince Sir
" Harry's death, to ſtay with her. Upon

" my

" my aſking her why ſhe did not invite
" ſome of her numerous acquaintance,
" ſhe anſwered, that there were very few
" whom ſhe could ſafely take into her
" houſe, who were agreeable to her.
" You know," ſaid ſhe, " I have tried
" more than one or two, and was obliged
" to get rid of them as decently as I
" could."—" Now I think, by your ac-
" count of Miſs Greville's conduct with
" regard to yourſelf, for whom ſhe cer-
" tainly had a paſſion, that no woman
" could have acted with more diſcretion
" and propriety: and if women come off
" with flying colours in love affairs, they
" may, in my opinion, be very properly
" truſted with the management of any
" others."

" Oh! ſhe is every thing," ſaid Byron, deeply ſighing, " that the eye can
" wiſh to look upon, or that the heart
" can long for.—But I muſt not think

" of her now in any other way than as a " moſt amiable and deſerving girl, whom " I wiſh to ſee happy."

" Well," replied Sir Charles, " and " we will endeavour to make her ſo."— " But the difficulty will be to bring her " to accept of this intended propoſal," cried Byron. " I muſt not appear to " have any thing to do in this affair. If " ſhe has the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion that I " am concerned in it, her delicacy will " make her refuſe to liſten to it."

After a long converſation upon this ſubject, ſo intereſting to Byron, his friend undertook to manage matters for him by means of Mrs. Plumber, the common friend of Lady Binly and Miſs Greville.

Lady Binly was about ſeven years older than her brother Sir Charles; had been handſome when young; was now very pleaſing in her perſon, and agreeable in her converſation. Her husband had

had been dead near four years, and had left her, beſides a very large jointure, every thing that was in his power, for he had no children to ſurvive him.

When Sir Charles communicated his ſcheme to his ſiſter, ſhe looked archly at him, and ſaid, "Now if I was not "well acquainted with Mrs. Plumber, "and knew that every circumſtance "which you have related concerning "Miſs Greville is ſtrictly true, how cle-"verly ſuch a couple of young fellows "as you and Byron might introduce a "convenient girl here?"

Sir Charles laughed at her lively conceit, and intreated her to be ſpeedy, leſt Miſs Greville ſhould have fixed upon ſome other plan. Accordingly, after having rallied her brother, not a little, on the propoſal which he had made to her, ſhe ſet out for London, and made a viſit to Mrs. Plumber, of whom ſhe enquired

quired very minutely into Clara's circumſtances and behaviour, and received anſwers from that lady highly agreeable to her wiſhes; for ſhe had taken a fancy to Clara, from what ſhe had herſelf ſeen of her, and from Byron's character of her. But when her ladyſhip hinted the deſire ſhe had to have her with her, Mrs. Plumber ſaid, "Miſs Greville, madam, "is ſo much affected with the loſs of her "father, and her other diſappointments, "that I am afraid ſhe has formed a reſo-"lution to retire to the fartheſt part of "England, where her ſmall pittance may "juſt furniſh her with the bare neceſſa-"ries of life; and to any thing elſe, as "ſhe has loſt all that ſhe loved and va-"lued in this world, ſhe is, I believe, "become quite indifferent."

When Mrs. Plumber, however, found that Lady Binly was in earneſt, and really wiſhed to have Miſs Greville with her upon

upon a reſpectable footing, ſhe promiſed to uſe her beſt endeavours to perſuade her to embrace an offer ſo very agreeable and advantageous. "I would have willingly "prevailed on Miſs Greville," continued ſhe, "to come and ſtay with me, till ſhe "could ſettle herſelf, but ſhe rejected all "my intreaties; and indeed my young "family being ſtill increaſing, might "have made my houſe not very com-"fortable to a woman of her contempla-"tive turn."

When Mrs. Plumber firſt opened this affair to Clara, ſhe found a much ſtronger oppoſition than ſhe expected. Clara expreſſed the greateſt gratitude and thankfulneſs to her friend, for the trouble ſhe had taken on her account; but told her that her afflictions had occaſioned in her ſuch an entire diſreliſh of company, ſuch a diſguſt to every thing in the world, that ſhe ſhould be very diſagreeable in any

any family, and particularly ſo to a woman ſo every way amiable as Lady Binly. "I cannot think," continued ſhe, "of giving her ladyſhip ſo great a "diſappointment, as I am ſure ſhe muſt "meet with, if I accept of her genteel "and very kind offers. A retired life is "now the only life I am fit for: I have "nothing to do now but to wait, in ob-"ſcurity, with patience and reſignation, "till Providence is pleaſed to releaſe me "from my troubles here. A very little "will ſatisfy the neceſſities of nature; "with that little I hope I ſhall ſoon learn "to be content."

It was ſome time before Mrs. Plumber, who had long known her, and who was ſincerely her friend, could by the moſt earneſt intreaties, and the higheſt encomiums on Lady Binly, bring her to conſent to receive a viſit from that lady herſelf, who was, ſhe aſſured her, ſo benevolent,

nevolent, ſo pious, and ſo uncommonly chearful, that her company would be of infinite ſervice both to her health and ſpirits. "You will be under no kind "of reſtraint with her," continued ſhe; "you will have a genteel apartment, "to which you may always retire, when "you don't chuſe the company of the "family; and in which you may at any "time receive your own friends. You "will have a ſervant to attend you, your "board, and a carriage at your com-"mand. Let me therefore, my dear "Miſs Greville, inſiſt upon your going "down with my lady, if 'tis only to ſee "how you like it; and, ſuppoſing you "don't find things agreeable to your "taſte, you may then put your former "plan in execution. Conſent to ſee Lady "Binly, and hear what ſhe will ſay to "you. If you have then the power to

"refuſe

"refuſe her, I ſhall be extremely diſap-
"pointed."

Clara, overpowered by the preſſing intreaties of Mrs. Plumber, of whoſe true eſteem ſhe was thoroughly aſſured, at laſt agreed to try a ſcheme which was, ſhe well knew, projected for her happineſs. Lady Binly called upon her the next morning; ſhe received her with that amiable diffidence of her own merit, and paid her that pleaſing kind of reſpect, which while it ſhewed a juſt deference to her ladyſhip, kept up her own conſequence, and prevented her from falling into a creeping civility, which would have rendered her deſpicable in the eyes of a woman of Lady Binly's taſte and underſtanding. But when ſhe was urged to accompany her ladyſhip, ſhe declared that ſhe was in ſo improper a frame of mind to be profited by the goodneſs exerted in her favour, that ſhe ſhould be quite

quite mortified by accepting of her offers; otherwiſe too flattering to be refuſed.

Lady Binly, however, would take no denial, but told her, that if the way of life ſhe would willingly lead her into, in order to amuſe her mind and divert her melancholy, proved ineffectual, ſhe ſhould be at liberty to return to any ſituation ſhe liked better: "Though I am "convinced, Miſs Greville," concluded her ladyſhip, "that I ſhall never part "with you, but with the greateſt reluc-"tance."

In a few days all Clara's little affairs were ſettled.—After having taken leave of Mrs. Plumber in the moſt friendly manner, whom Lady Binly preſſingly invited to ſpend a month or two with them, ſhe accompanied her ladyſhip in her coach to Beau Place.

At

At the firſt mention of this propoſal, Clara had wrote a long letter to her uncle and aunt Sherwood; and they adviſed her by all means to cloſe with it.—Mr. Sherwood, when he went to London after the death of her father, would have taken her down with him; but his near neighbourhood to the Wood, and the fear of meeting with Byron, obliged her to decline an invitation which would otherwiſe have been in the higheſt degree agreeable to her; as the regard which they both had for Mr. Greville and herſelf; their plain underſtandings, humane diſpoſitions, and their quiet life, would have been much more pleaſing to her in her melancholy ſtate. The giving up of Byron was too ſevere a ſtroke to be forgotten by her: but the loſs of her father ſo ſoon after it, and rather ſuddenly, as he had been ill of a fever but a few days before he was ſnatched away from

from her, almoſt overcame her.—Yet ſhe did not fall ſick: her grief preyed upon her inwardly; and though ſhe had not quite loſt her colour, there was a languor in her eyes, and a dejection in her countenance, which gave it a pleaſing kind of ſoftneſs, and threw an almoſt irreſiſtible charm over her whole perſon, to which her mourning dreſs did not a little contribute, as it ſet off the extreme whiteneſs of her hands, arms, and neck.

Sir Charles Wilmot was ready at Beau Place, to receive them. He was ſtruck with the graceful perſon of Miſs Greville, her lovely complexion, and her alluring behaviour: and that he might give every kind of ſatisfaction to Byron in his power, wrote a note that very day to him, acquainting him with her arrival, and promiſing to call on him very ſoon.—He performed his promiſe on the morning before Byron was to leave the Wood,

Wood, and conduct his lady to London. —Byron flew into Sir Charles's arms, on their meeting, and told him that he wanted words to thank him for this ſingular mark of his friendſhip, in procuring ſo deſirable a retreat for Miſs Greville. —"You owe me no thanks, dear By-"ron," replied Sir Charles; "if I have "been luckily inſtrumental in making "you and your fair friend happy, I "am over-paid."

"My hard fate," ſaid Byron, "will not "let me be her friend, but in my "wiſhes.—I muſt however rejoice at her "happineſs.—Does ſhe anſwer Lady "Binly's expectations? though ſhe has "been too ſhort a time with her, to be-"come acquainted with all her excel-"lent qualities."

"No, indeed—my ſiſter is quite de-"lighted with her; and as for myſelf, I "muſt not be much with her, I ſee

" plainly, except I am willing to diſpoſe
" of my heart, which I aſſure you I had
" no intention of doing.—She is a very
" delicious woman.—Faith! Byron, you
" have placed me but in a dangerous ſitu-
" ation. I uſed to be a good deal with
" my ſiſter, but this Miſs Greville will,
" I am afraid, if I am not greatly on my
" guard, turn your friend into a rival."

Though Sir Charles, at that time, ſpoke in raillery, Byron, with a look of the utmoſt anguiſh, and a profound ſigh, cried, " You know, Wilmot, ſince I am
" for ever deprived of the pleaſure, even
" of thinking on her for myſelf, it would
" be madneſs in me to wiſh that ſhe was
" not happy with another. It is, I am
" aware, talking very differently from
" the common run of lovers, to wiſh the
" only woman in the world, who will
" ever have poſſeſſion of my heart, mar-
" ried to another man. Yet indeed, Sir

" Charles,

"Charles, I love Clara ſo truly, ſo ſin-
"cerely, that if I thought ſhe could be
"more happy, married to a man who
"had a juſt ſenſe of her infinite worth, I
"could I believe, patiently ſee her be-
"come his wife."

"Aye, you do but think ſo," ſaid Sir Charles; "but very poſſibly," continued he ſmiling, "I may try your patience." —Soon after this ſpeech, he bid him adieu, aſſuring him that he would meet him in town.

On the following day, the elder Mr. Moſtyn ſaw his young family depart for London.—As he believed that they were ſettled entirely to their minds, and was not a man of nice ſenſibility, he did not expreſs much regret at taking leave of them. Neither did his own ſon, nor his daughter, though ſhe had never left him in her life before, diſcover any ſorrow at quitting a father, who had

ſcarce

ſcarce ever refuſed to gratify the moſt trifling of her requeſts. Her little head was indeed ſo filled with the pleaſures which ſhe expected to meet in town, that ſhe had not leiſure to attend to any thing.

Byron, who had ever paid Mr. Moſtyn great reſpect, was the only perſon who expreſſed any concern at leaving him, and the only one whom that gentleman ſeemed willing to detain: all the reſt of his family being too much engaged with their own amuſements, to trouble their heads whether he was pleaſed or not.

As Byron hoped for a ſpeedy return to the country, he had only wrote to have lodgings taken for him by the week; and had invited his father to accompany him and Emily to Fir-grove, at their return, which Mr. Moſtyn agreed to with no ſmall ſatisfaction. He could indeed be truly ſaid to miſs nobody but Byron; for his ſon Harry was, or would be, al-

ways with his wife, when ſhe would favour him with her company; and Emily was always liſtening to her everlaſting details of faſhions, and deſcriptions of public diverſions, while Byron walked over the grounds with him, read the news-paper, and chatted with him after ſupper, about his domeſtic affairs; by entering into which, he often made himſelf ſerviceable, always agreeable. This was a duty which Byron thought he owed the father of his wife, and which he the more readily paid him, for two reaſons: becauſe he ſaw that nobody elſe was willing to act in the ſame manner; and becauſe this ſort of converſation neither required much addreſs, nor too deeply engaged his attention.—It therefore ſuited him exactly; for both his head and heart were too much engroſſed by one object, to ſuffer him to diſcuſs topics which demanded much reflection.

But

But notwithſtanding the very ſevere diſappointment he had met with in loſing a woman ſo every way ſuitable to him, and gaining one ſo totally oppoſite in every ſhape; he never outwardly diſcovered the leaſt diſguſt, ill-humour, or peeviſhneſs. He was, on the contrary, ſo mild, ſo good, ſo ſweet-tempered, and ſo gentle in his manners, that he was admired by every body; and even the female part of the Ingot family, though he paid no court either to their beauty or their wealth, declared, "that he was the "handſomeſt, and beſt natured creature "breathing." The old gentleman too, often cried out, "Ay, ay, he is the beſt "of the bunch.—What a pity 'tis that "he was not born to a good eſtate! "but after all, a man without money, "is a meer nobody."

As ſoon as Mr. and Mrs. Byron were ſettled in their lodgings, Mrs. Moſtyn,

by whoſe direction her little ſiſter was to be rendered fit to appear, ſent her own hair-dreſſer, milliner, mantua-maker, hoop-maker, and every other neceſſary perſon, without whom there's no ſuch thing as living.—Her mornings were therefore entirely taken up. In a few days, ſhe came down to her husband ſo dreſſed, or rather ſo diſguiſed, that he hardly knew her. Her fine cheſnut locks that were wont to wave upon her ſnowy neck, and made the whiteneſs of it more beautifully conſpicuous, were by torturing-irons frizzled into ſo many curls, and her whole front was ſo covered with greaſe and grey powder, that her head looked about five times too big for her body.—Her pretty delicate little neck was incloſed in a ruff of an immoderate ſize; and her ſtays, riſing up almoſt to her chin, threw a ſtiffneſs over her whole perſon; which received a ſtill more diſ-

agreeable

agreeable addition, by the formality of a full, and very deep-gaged tucker. Her ſack, which uſed to fall in a thouſand gracefully-negligent folds about her, or floating in the wind, diſcover the eaſy ſwaying of her petticoat over her elegant limbs, was ſtretched to its utmoſt extent over a hoop of an enormous circumference, which made the lower part of her figure correſpond to the upper; ſo that ſhe reſembled, viewed all together, a very fine picture in a very ugly frame. But even to this external diſfigurement, Byron would have with ſome patience ſubmitted, had not her mind been ten times more villanouſly altered than her perſon. She was eternally on the wing from place to place, dreſſed all day, danced all night, was never happy but in a crowd, and cared not a pinch of ſnuff for her huſband.

Byron, whoſe advice was no longer regarded, and indeed ſcarce liſtened to, cautioned her againſt keeping late hours, on account of her heath; and he had ſome reaſon to imagine that her new way of life was not at all proper for the condition ſhe was in; but as ſhe was entirely under the management of her ſiſter, who, ſhe told him, underſtood thoſe things much better than he did, he was forced to give up that point, as well as many others.—Not that ſhe ceaſed to be fond of him at times; and had ſhe not happened to fall into ſo fatal an acquaintance, ſhe might have made a very good wife: but ſhe was ſo diſtracted with ſo great a variety of diverſions, and ſo perplexed with the multiplicity of her engagements, that ſhe really had not leiſure to love her huſband.

While Emily thus waſted her time in continual diſſipation in town, Clara was endea-

endeavouring to enjoy her's in the country; where ſhe was treated with the greateſt reſpect by Lady Binly, Sir Charles Wilmot, and every creature who either knew, or belonged to them. She made herſelf every hour more and more agreeable, more and more neceſſary to Lady Binly, and was every moment gaining ground upon Sir Charles's eſteem. All their friends became her's; and their domeſtics loved her as well as they did their lady, who ſtrove to divert her melancholy, by introducing her to the moſt agreeable people about the country, and by every method ſhe could think of. Her own excellent underſtanding and uncommon fortitude had, at length, brought her to bear her diſappointments with ſomewhat more compoſure; tho' it was impoſſible for her to drive away totally the idea of Byron from her mind: and though ſhe was convinced that diſ-

agreeable thoughts intruded upon her more when ſhe was alone, ſhe never enjoyed ſo much ſatisfaction as when ſhe was by herſelf. She ſpent a great part of her time in the garden, when the mornings were inviting. Her afternoons were frequently dedicated to the paying of viſits, or the receiving of them.

Beau-place was ſituated in a very ſociable part of the county, and Lady Binly had no ſort of averſion to ſociety. Her perſon was ſtill pleaſing, and her fortune affluent; ſhe had therefore a numerous train of admirers, who would have been extremely happy in becoming maſter of her and her eſtate: but as ſhe had abſolutely refuſed a great number, the remainder were fearful of ſharing the ſame fate, and avoided an open declaration of their ſentiments, till they had endeavoured by their aſſiduities to make her ſenſible of their inclinations. Among

theſe

theſe were two, very oppoſite in their characters. One of them, from having been a near neighbour to, and an old acquaintance of, the late Sir Harry Binly, took upon him to make frequent viſits to Beau-place. He was a ſtrong-built, corpulent man, and did not appear ſo far advanced in years as he really was: he was ſeventy-five, according to a tell-tale page in an old family Bible, which he certainly had forgot, or would have torn it out; for preſuming upon a plethoric habit of body, which gave a ruddineſs to his countenance not always to be met with in a perſon at his time of life, he wanted to make himſelf about twenty years younger. He often told Lady Binly, that fifty-five was no contemptible age: that in point of conſtitution, he was quite a young fellow. He was tall and upright, and had tried to throw a ſtatelineſs into his carriage,

to give him more conſequence, and to add a becoming ſolemnity to his figure and profeſſion, which was that of a phyſician; though, whether his real inability in his medical capacity, or attention to other matters, had prejudiced people againſt him, he rarely had many patients. So few indeed had he, that a lady one day in giving his character, either from a ſlip of the tongue, which tended towards an Iriſhciſm, or to heighten the humour of her deſcription, ſaid drolly enough, "That Dr. Twiſter had but one "patient, and ſhe was dead." However, ſetting aſide all joking, 'tis certain that the Doctor was much fonder of Horace than Hippocrates, and always carried a very neat, ſmall edition of his works in his pocket, that he might, whenever he had nothing elſe to do, turn an ode or two into Engliſh, which were no ſooner done, but they appeared in print: till at length

they had been turned and printed ſo often, that nobody cared to meddle either with his poetry or his preſcriptions.—From Cheapſide to Charing-croſs, he carried his tranſlations, and changed his bookſellers; for he who had publiſhed one of his odes, would not venture upon another, on his own account; ſo that the poor Doctor was in a little time obliged to ſtand all the charges of publication, which generally roſe pretty high; for, like moſt parents, he had a particular affection for the brats of his brain; and being of a pompous way of thinking, he beſtowed fine paper, and decorated his verſions with handſome head and tail-pieces of his own deſigning; and he was full as good a deſigner, as he was a Doctor. Bating this extravagance with regard to his poetry, he was an eminent œconomiſt, and knew how to make his family live upon a little, which conſiſted

of

of an old maid, or a being of the feminine gender ſomething like one, who ſerved him in the threefold capacity of cook, chambermaid, and houſe-keeper; and a man-ſervant, who was, as his different abilities were called forth, coachman, butler, and amanuenſis; for Dr. Twiſter's eyes began to fail him. Beſides, Humphry, by having lived near thirty years with his maſter, was not only grown grey in his ſervice, but being by ſome people reckoned a kind of genius, had, from hearing the Doctor repeat his verſes often, found out, what no mortal but himſelf had diſcovered, that they were "good things."—Humphry having frequently mentioned his opinion of his maſter's poetical talents to the curate, the barber, the clerk of the pariſh, and ſome others among his intimates, the Doctor at laſt became acquainted with it; and from that time Humphry was

ſuch

ſuch a favourite, that if he had been ten years older, and could have changed chriſtian names with his maſter, there is no ſaying what influence this grey-headed attendant might have had over him: but as the Doctor began to feel himſelf older and older, his hatred to every male who was only half a year younger than himſelf, broke out in the appellations of *young fellow* or *boy*, which he always uttered in the moſt contemptuous accents. His deſire of increaſing his patients, increaſed with his years; but as neither his ſkill in medicine, nor his readineſs to viſit the ſick, at all recommended him, he imagined that if he could purchaſe the honour of knighthood, it might be of ſervice to him in his Eſculapian employments, and make no ſmall impreſſion upon his Dulcinea, Lady Binly. But the uncouthneſs of his prænomen, which was unfortunately

Giles,

Giles, joined to the fees attending ſuch royal favours, had made him hitherto not over-eager to be dubbed.

"Now," ſaid he, to Humphry one day, "thine is a ſonorous name, and the articu-"lation of it would be graceful enough "before Twiſter: but there is a meanneſs "in the word Giles which hurts my ear, "Humphry. Beſides, 'tis a monoſyllable, "and that's not the thing." "'Tis not a "very common name, Sir," ſaid Humphry, "and for that reaſon your worſhip" (the Doctor was one of the quorum) "may perhaps endure it."—"Why "aye," replied he, "that's true, Numps; "that's very true;" (he always called him Numps when he was in a prodigious good humour with him) "you are right. "'Tis not hacked to be ſure, like Tom, "Dick, and Harry; but I ſhould have "choſen Sir Cæſar, Sir Theophilus, or "Sir Alexander, or even Sir Humphry.

"A title

"A title, Numps, is a marvellous re-
"commendation to a phyſician. Every
"man of the faculty, of any note, now-
"a-days, is dignified with a title. I
"can't with decency aſpire to be King's
"phyſician without a title; and have
"ever been of opinion, that a man
"ought to try to be at the very top of
"his profeſſion."

In ſuch curious colloquies did this antiquated votary of Phœbus, as poet and phyſician, with his venerable ſervant, ſpend thoſe hours in which his medical cotemporaries were employed in being ſerviceable to their fellow-creatures, in endeavouring to aſſuage the pangs of the rich, labouring under the moſt loathſome diſeaſes, contracted by their vices, or inherited from diſtempered parents; and in contributing to alleviate the ſufferings of the poor, who frequently endure the ſevereſt miſery from the maladies to

which

which, from their indigence, they are particularly expoſed; and by which, without the humanity of a ſkilful phyſician, they might be rendered uſeleſs to ſociety, and ſcandalouſly burthenſome to it.

Having taken up ſo much time in deſcribing Dr. Twiſter's character, there will be the leſs to beſtow on the other gentleman, who was ſtyled Sir William Leſley, about eight-and-twenty; a near neighbour alſo to Lady Binly; who had loved her ever ſince he was capable of knowing the meaning of that word: but the vaſt diſproportion in their fortunes had prevented him from ever declaring his paſſion, though women are, in general, too well acquainted with the language of the eyes to remain long ignorant of the ſentiments of their admirers. He had, juſt before ſhe became a widow, arrived to his title, by the death of an elder brother,

brother, and a paternal eſtate, which was far too ſmall to make a man of his generous way of thinking venture to declare his paſſion to a woman ſo much his ſuperior in fortune, leſt ſhe might imagine that money was the only motive.

Sir William was amiable in his perſon, and his character was unblemiſhed. As he was intimate with Sir Charles Wilmot, he ſpent many agreeable hours at Lady Binly's, who was very lively, ſenſible, and good-natured; and found, upon a nearer acquaintance with her, ſo many truly valuable qualities in miſs Greville, that the liking which he firſt took to her, was ſoon converted into a ſolid eſteem. The beauty of Clara's perſon, and her engaging manners, attracted the attention of every body who ſaw, and who converſed with her. Lady Binly frequently told her with a ſmile, that if ſhe had been of an age and diſpo-

ſition

ſition to be envious of admiration, ſhe could not have pitched upon a more improper companion. "You are ſo very "amiable, my dear girl," ſaid her Ladyſhip to her one day, "that I am half-"jealous of you already.—I believe ac-"tually, that I have loſt the only lover "I had, for Sir William Leſley caſts "ſuch affecting glances at you ſome-"times, that you have certainly ſtole his "heart from me. I ſhall not have one "admirer left."

"Your ladyſhip forgets Dr. Twiſter," replied Clara, ſmiling in return, who ſaw by her manner, that ſhe was in a rallying humour.

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